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GERMANY'S FOUR YEAR PLAN

By F. A. VOIGT

IN the spring of 1933 Herr Hitler asked the Reichstag to give him four years to carry out the political, social, and economic reorganization of Germany. Before he was Chancellor and when the National Socialist Party was still in opposition, he often spoke of the "Plan" (as distinct from the official programme of the Party, which is no more than a number of points or articles of a general and largely demagogic character). But neither he nor his associates ever stated, even in broadest outline, what the Plan was, though the various hints and promises that seemed to give some indication of its nature attracted vast numbers of voters. When the National Socialists were challenged to produce their Plan, they replied that they were not going to give away the secrets of the future National Socialist Government of Germany.

The Plan remained a secret even when that Government came into existence. The National Socialists dominated the Reichstag, which was asked to say "Yes" or "No" to their demand for full but unspecified powers. The Reichstag, of course, said "Yes." It was widely believed, even by objective observers, that the National Socialists had no Plan. But these observers were mistaken and did not realize that the Plan *had* to be concealed for reasons both of domestic and foreign policy. Many of Hitler's followers would have refused to follow him any longer—or might even have attempted resistance when he made himself dictator—while the outside world would have been dangerously antagonized if the real character of the Plan had been known.

Indeed, even the word "Plan" was avoided when Hitler

faced the Reichstag in 1933. He simply asked for time—four years' time. It was not until the Congress of the National Socialist Party at Nuremberg in the autumn of 1936 that he announced the existence of a "Four Year Plan"—which was really a second "Four Year Plan," the first being near its completion.

Hitler's opponents believed that the Plan was a propagandist device to counteract the discontent that existed in Germany and to help the dictatorship over its more immediate difficulties. This belief was fortified by the vague character of the Plan (as it then seemed). But it was this very vagueness that helped to make the Plan attractive, or at least unobjectionable, to many persons who would have been violently opposed to it, or who were destined to be losers by it. The inspired National Socialist press skilfully encouraged hope and assuaged anxiety with the help of articles by "experts," articles that seemed to show great precision but were, in reality, of studied vagueness. For example, on September 12th, 1936, Nonnebruch, the "economist" of the *Völkische Beobachter*, the chief organ of the National Socialist Party, wrote about the Plan as follows:—

The Political orders have again been given to the economic system [*die Wirtschaft*]. That system will devote its whole strength to the task set before it. This task stands visibly before the whole people. When the people see the economic system placed in the service of this task, they will see how it works for them in concrete fashion. The expression "the economic system serves the people" is not just a fine sounding phrase, from the National Socialist point of view, but has a material content which it receives from policy. . . .

We shall not reduce working hours until the people have raised their living standard to the level they wish to achieve. To reduce working hours before then is the embarrassed method of a policy that is unable to cope with capitalism. . . .

In this period [of rising internal prices] there is nothing that could be more advantageous to our people than freedom from foreign raw materials [*Rohstofffreiheit*] . . . we see how prices on the world-market are always sinking. Almost everywhere it has become the normal thing to sell at a loss to foreign countries. . . . Low prices on the world market are the tribute which nations must pay for the dependence on international trade [*Weltwirtschaft*]. If we are released from this dependence, we need pay this tribute no longer. Our freedom from foreign raw materials is the condition for a constant and irresistible drop in our own prices such as can be observed on the world market. . . .

Comments of this kind were made in countless articles,

lectures, and speeches, and served to conceal the true purpose of the Plan while making it appear attractive. Skilful and ever-variable camouflage of this kind persists to the present day. Now, as before, it is stated that the Four Year Plan is a German attempt to achieve *Rohstofffreiheit*—to make Germany independent of imported raw materials.

But those National Socialists who had, or were allowed to have, some insight into the Party's policy, had no illusions as to the real purpose of the Plan—they knew that its purpose was military. The heads of the Army and the chiefs of the National Socialist military organization (the S.A., S.S., and, to some extent, the "Hitler Youth") had been prepared for the Plan. Meanwhile, the idea of "total mobilization"—that is to say, the mobilization of all the national resources, both spiritual and material, as proclaimed by General Ludendorff—has infiltrated into the minds of vast numbers of disciplined Germans. Hitler and his closer associates were particularly skilful in dealing with the army and in gaining its support for their political aims.

The Four Year Plan is the ground where the Party and the Army meet, so to speak. The Plan and German rearmament are now one organic whole. The question of *Rohstofffreiheit* was handled not by economists, as such, but by Hitler's "economic experts," who are all "autarkists" and imperialists first, and economists second; and by his military advisers. The Ministry of Trade and Industry, the Ministry of Finance, and the management of the Reichsbank were hardly consulted at all. Indeed, Dr. Schacht and the Minister of Finance, Count Schwerin-Krosigk, seem to have been taken by surprise when they first heard the details of the Plan. In any case, they had a very inadequate knowledge of the preparations for it, nor were they admitted to any decisive share in the execution of the Plan.

According to the decree of October 23rd, 1936, the "financial questions" connected with the "reconstruction programme" are to be "elaborated in co-operation with the Ministry of Finance and the Ministry of Trade and Industry," but these two departments are allowed no more than an advisory function. As for Dr. Schacht, the so-called "Economic Dictator" of Germany, it was his most implacable opponents amongst the National Socialist "economists" whose influence on the Plan was decisive.

But it does not follow that serious economists in Germany have been silenced altogether—they have simply been *gleichgeschaltet*, and their expert knowledge has been placed in the service of a Plan they have had no part in shaping.

The details of the Plan were worked out in a series of conferences attended by Hitler and the military and political chiefs of the National Socialist Party, and, of course, in consultation with the General Staff.

On October 18th it was announced that General Göring had been empowered to superintend the execution of the Plan. On the 22nd of that month he issued the decree in which he announced that certain departments had been created for the practical execution of the Plan. These departments were to deal with the following categories: raw materials, the distribution of raw materials, employment, agricultural production, price control, and foreign exchange.

After General Göring, the chief persons entrusted with the execution of the Plan are Körner (one of the militants of the National Socialist Party), Lt.-Colonel Löb (who is a member of the German General Staff and an exponent of the doctrine of "total mobilization"), Dr. Keppler (who is Hitler's economic adviser and a representative of the Pan-German imperialistic wing of the National Socialist Party), Köhler (an extremist and an opponent of Dr. Schacht), Backe (one of the chief exponents of the doctrine that Germany is over-populated and needs "more room"), and Wagner, an "economic" exponent of radical National Socialism.

On November 9th, General Göring issued six decrees for securing the skilled labour needed to carry out the Plan. These decrees authorised the re-employment of older workmen, and the return of former engineers and builders to their old profession, while preventing younger men employed in these professions from leaving. (Engineers were needed for the armament industry and builders for the new fortifications that were being erected in all the frontier regions.)

On November 26th, the Price Control Commissioner, Wagner, issued three price-fixing decrees. The problem of "stable prices and stable wages" he declared, had become of the highest importance for the realization of National Socialism. It was

admitted in the decree that although to charge higher prices would be a penal offence, the problem as such could not be solved in this manner. The control of prices in Germany has been reinforced by penal and even by terroristic measures, but it has not been possible to suspend the functioning of economic laws altogether.

On December 17th, 1936, Hitler and General Göring addressed a select meeting of German industrialists on the subject of the Plan. According to the report in the "DNB," the German official news agency, Hitler said at this meeting :

Trust the man [General Göring] I have appointed. He is the best man I have for this task. He is a man of the greatest will-power and resolution. Go with him, all together. In this way, we shall lay a firm foundation for a German economy, which will be rooted in the strength, stability, and security of the German Reich. If we feel that we are fanatically devoted to this task, the political chiefs and the German economic system will be justified in the eyes of posterity ; the former, because they were men who showed the determination to achieve something ; and the latter, because all its strength was devoted to the execution of the Plan.

The "DNB" concealed the most interesting facts about the meeting. Hitler spoke with great vehemence. He explained to the assembled industrialists that the purpose of the Plan was not economic but military. "We are," he declared, "already in a state of war, only the guns have not gone off." He also uttered strong anti-capitalist sentiments. The industrialists were, in fact, thrown into considerable perturbation of mind.

There is, of course, a good deal of silent criticism in Germany. Some industrialists describe the Plan as "madness," but not publicly. There can be no open criticism. Hitler demands that the plan *must* be carried out, and that the necessary sacrifices *must* be made. And the coercive powers of the Dictatorship are such that there can be no questioning his will.

As the Plan serves military ends to the exclusion of all others, it cannot be judged from a purely economic point of view. One result of the Plan is poverty, but although this would be an economic argument against it, the argument is not valid, for the purpose of the Plan is not the raising or even the maintenance of the German standard of living. The poverty it is bound to produce is part of the sacrifice which the German nation is expected to make.

Although the Plan had not been elaborated until the National Socialists had been in power for some time, it is part of their original purpose—a purpose by no means vague, but very clearly conceived, even if not worked out in its practical details.

The National Socialist revolution was, as its name indicates, National and Socialist. Its "Socialism" has often been regarded as mere demagoguery to attract the working class vote, but this view is mistaken—the "Socialism" in National Socialism has by no means been abandoned now that votes are no longer needed. There is in the Party a strong anti-capitalist feeling which is shared by Hitler himself. He is undoubtedly a Socialist, and he left his "capitalist" audience on December 17th under no illusions on this point. But the revolution was also militarist and imperialist. The conquest of power in Germany was a beginning, not an end.

It is easy to demonstrate that there is no such thing as a German "race," that there is no "pure race" anywhere, that one might "as well talk about a dolichocephalic dictionary as about the Aryan race;" but arguments such as these miss the point. By "race" Hitler means, in the first place, a recognizable reality—a people, scattered possibly, perhaps not confined within any one frontier, but having a common linguistic and cultural heritage and a desire for union. In addition to this, he and his associates have partly inherited and partly developed a kind of myth for which they claim scientific validity, very much as a "scientific" validity and "objective" truth are claimed on behalf of the Marxist myth; whereas both National Socialism and Marxism are anti-scientific and subjective, though it is this that lends them their great attraction. The National Socialist myth is that of the "pure" race and of "Aryan" man, a superior being and master of the world's future, who corresponds to the Marxist "proletarian." It is easy for the scientist to demolish either myth (despite the apparent difference between them and the political warfare in which they are constantly engaged, they are fundamentally akin). But by doing so, he does not argue certain realities out of existence. The Jews are a "race," although they are not a homogeneous ethnical entity. When Hitler speaks of the "Aryan" race, he has in mind something very much like the conception that was once very common and

has by no means disappeared, the conception of the superior "white race."

Hitler's language is often vague and his terminology variable. But there is nearly always an irreducible content in what often seems like a shifting mist (this, as we have seen, is true of the Four Year Plan, where there is a great difference between the real content and the outward appearances).

The nationalism of National Socialism applies not merely to Germans living within the political frontiers of Germany today, but also to the German "brothers," the members of the same "race," speaking the same language, having the same or similar cultural heritage, and living beyond those frontiers—in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Lithuania, Danzig, Denmark, Belgium, France, and Switzerland.

Beyond this, there is the supremacy of the Germans who, according to Hitler and his associates, are destined to colonize regions inhabited by "inferior" races, such as the Russians, colonization having a "civilizing" as well as an economic purpose (by no means a new conception either, nor confined to the "new Germany").

To establish the unity of all "Germans" or, in other words, to unite them all in the "Greater Germany" or "Pan-Germany" of the future, it is first necessary to unite the Germans in the Reich. And for this purpose, the first necessity was to destroy the chief rival of National Socialism, its next of kin, so to speak, namely, Marxism; for it is clear that a doctrine which would divide mankind horizontally according to classes (even if with the object of achieving an ultimate unity) is incompatible in practice, however akin it may be in theory and in method, with a doctrine that would divide mankind vertically according to nations or "races." That is why the first action carried out by the National Socialists as soon as they were in power was the extermination of the two Marxist parties, the Social Democrats and the Communists, and the exclusion of the Jews from national life.

This was the first step towards the national unity which National Socialism exacts. The first four years of the Dictatorship were chiefly devoted to the negative purpose of eliminating elements of social, political, and racial disunity.

This purpose was, on the whole, achieved "according to plan."

The next four years, which are now beginning, the period of the Four Year Plan proper, are devoted to consolidating and arming the newly achieved social, political, and racial unity for the purpose of carrying out the principal aim of the National Socialist Revolution, namely, the union of all Germans in a "Greater Germany" which will exercise an imperialist ascendancy and execute its colonizing "mission" in realms stretching vastly beyond the present frontiers of the Reich.

About the reality of this purpose there can be no serious doubt. It is developed in Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, and is the essence of all National Socialist thought. It is, of course, subject to variations—for example, Hitler, in *Mein Kampf* opposed overseas expansion, but now supports the demand for the return of the former German colonies. The purpose is, indeed, incapable of fulfilment without transforming Europe in a manner that is likely to encounter formidable resistance from a number of states or even from a powerful anti-German coalition.

To recover the southern part of northern Slesvig may be easy—to recover Alsace-Lorraine may prove to be so hazardous an enterprise that it will have to be abandoned (it is rarely talked of even now, but it certainly exists and there is no question of abandoning it yet). But this purpose—I mean the union of all Germans in a Greater Germany and not the mere conquest of power in Germany—is the aim of the National Socialist revolution. Until this aim is fulfilled (not completely, perhaps, for even the most successful revolution never achieves all the aims it has set before itself, but in the main) National Socialism will have been a failure and the National Socialist regime as such cannot survive. The revolution is therefore still in its beginnings.

A sequence of events so big that each one of them marks an era, like the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, is, as it were, being telescoped into one in Germany. Robespierre certainly did not live so that Napoleon might follow, but Hitler-Robespierre certainly lives—and quite consciously—so that Hitler-Napoleon may follow. The National Socialist Revolution and the attempt to establish the Greater Germany

and its imperialist ascendancy are an organic whole. What we call the revolution, namely, the seizure of power in 1933, has no meaning and is meant to have none, save as an organic conscious preparation for that attempt. And unless the attempt succeeds, the seizure of power will have been all for nothing—a mere interlude in the eyes of the future historian.

The Four Year Plan and German rearmament are two aspects of the same thing, just as the manufacture of munitions, the creation of a great army, the control of industry, and DORA were aspects of the same thing from 1914 to 1918. They are, in fact, inseparable. The German military chiefs have a decisive influence on the Plan, and the political chiefs (extreme National Socialists without exception) have a decisive influence on rearmament. The weakness of war-time Germany has been removed—there is no longer any antagonism between the military and political leaders, and the army has been assimilated into the nation. The officers' corps is no longer a caste, and politicians and generals co-operate in a single cause, the politicians on the whole being the more militant and having the greater initiative. This is perhaps the most striking achievement of National Socialism, and one that has confounded almost all prophets. Soldier and politician are fundamentally *one* in the "new Germany." A member of the "Confessional Church" has, with the realism that is characteristic of modern German orthodox theology, pointed out that one of the chief creations of the "totalitarian state" is the "political soldier." Germany is the land of the "political soldier" today.

Germany has no economic interest in being independent of imported raw materials. There are some, like copper, nickel, and so on, which she must import in any case. The National Socialist thinks in terms of international war just as the Marxist thinks in terms of class war, and cannot indeed think in any other terms without ceasing to be a National Socialist, just as the Marxist ceases to be a Marxist when he abandons the theory and practice of the class-war. But the new Germany either has to create substitutes (which is being done, although the substitutes are expensive and of poor quality) or build up reserves of the indispensable imports so as to endure years of war and blockade.

Terms like *Rohstofffreiheit*—or any compounds of the word

Freiheit (freedom)—have a certain emotional attraction. They convey a sense of actual freedom and independence, they spread illusions that have the highest propagandist value, and so help to conceal and yet to promote the real purpose behind them.

The Four Year Plan and German rearmament are in full operation. "Independence" of imports is to be achieved as far as possible, and reserves are to be accumulated; the armament firms are working with prodigious intensity, and the whole population is subjected to a regime that resembles a DORA in immensely concentrated form. In short, the whole material and moral resources of the German nation are being placed in the service of what General Ludendorff calls the "totalitarian war" which is destined to carry out the essential purpose of the National Socialist Revolution.

AFTER MR. BALDWIN—WHAT NEXT?

BY ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.

THE opening of 1937 finds Parliamentary institutions in a calmer sea than probably at any time since the War.

The hurricane of direct action that in the early post-war years threatened to upset them has died away. The Trades Union leaders who, in 1921, were in so militant a mood that it was deemed necessary to recruit a defence force to safeguard democracy, and in 1926 brought the country in the General Strike to the edge of revolution, are now issuing joint manifestos with Mr. Churchill in support of democratic liberties and collective security. The propaganda of the Labour Party has lost all its old menace. It is far less revolutionary than that of Liberalism a generation ago. Mr. Attlee in 1937 is an angel of light to the propertied classes compared to what they thought of Campbell-Bannerman in 1907. So well ballasted is the ship that it passed through a crisis that ended in the abdication of a Monarch with scarcely a tremor or a creak.

How long can this remarkable state of affairs continue? Prophecy is difficult, for one of the chief causes of the astonishing way in which Great Britain has remained, through these turbulent years, on an even keel is shortly to pass away. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Baldwin has altered his determination to resign the Premiership at the Coronation. Clearly he cannot stay longer now that he has made it plain that he does not intend to fight the next election. No Premier can have any confidence of success at the polls unless he has two years to make himself known to the electors. For Mr. Baldwin to remain in office beyond this summer would be to endanger gravely the prospects of a third lease of power for the National Government.

Mr. Baldwin will not do so. Every reason, personal and political, counsels resignation. In spite of his triumphant handling of the constitutional crisis in which he did not make a single false step, there is little doubt that he lacks something of his old

vitality and strength. It is noticeable on the Treasury Bench that his powers of hearing are losing their acuteness, and that he frequently has to appeal to a colleague for the exact terms of a Parliamentary question. I am told that in Cabinet he easily tires, and there is unmistakable evidence in the House that on some important controversial questions, such as the Coal Bill and the Distressed Areas, he has not a real grip of the essentials.

But, most important of all, he seems unable to summon up the necessary interest in and knowledge of the critical European situation. The fact is that in the last four years the world has passed through a revolution, and to this new age of violence and cruelty and competitive armaments Mr. Baldwin cannot acclimatise himself. The mainspring of all his political endeavour has been the improvement of the condition of the people, and with every fibre of his being he loathes the condition of affairs which makes it necessary that social reform should be of secondary importance to Western Air Pacts, the supply of machine tools, and the protection of the civil population against the agonies of poison gas.

There is also the additional personal reason for an early resignation. If he goes in May he will go in a blaze of glory. Not even after the General Strike did his prestige stand higher than it does today. His speech on that dark December afternoon when the Duke of Windsor announced his final and irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne represented the greatest Parliamentary effort since Grey won over a united nation for the Belgium ultimatum. When he sat down the "King's Party" was dead, for he had shown by his narrative of the events that had led up to the tragedy of the renunciation that as long as a King's party had been possible he had been its leader. What was more, he not merely drew the best out of himself, he drew the best out of the House of Commons. The stupidest member refrained from interruption, and the most truculent and irresponsible of republicans were silent. Never has been more brilliantly exemplified the might and majesty of Parliamentary institutions. Mr. Baldwin could leave no more fitting memory to his life than this speech that heightened even further the grandeur of the House of Commons, to the service of which he has given all the flowering period of his life.

I am certain, of course, that were he convinced that the public interest demanded that he should remain he would not give a fig for his reputation with posterity ; but he would be less than human if he did not consider that in addition to the other reasons for his resignation in May he is never likely to be more fortunate in the occasion of his departure.

But however advisable on every account is Mr. Baldwin's early resignation, few will dispute that something will have gone out of public life and the National Government which it will be impossible to replace. He has rendered immense services to his generation. He restored decency to politics at a time when there was a general loosening of the old conventions. He brought back to political propaganda the conception that there was something dishonest in making promises that could not be fulfilled, and in doing so he turned honesty, that had been regarded as a liability, into a first-class political asset. He made his Party once again the instrument of social progress, and thereby took the sting out of the class war. He conceived the idea of National Government long before it received actual political expression.

As long ago as 1924 he made public recognition of the fact that the great Conservative majority of that year was made possible by the adhesion of at least a million Liberal votes, and announced his determination to retain them by a resolute forward social programme. He was not in those years always faithful to that ideal. At times the reactionary forces in his party were too strong for him. But in the end he got their measure, and never once since the National Government was formed in August, 1931, has he allowed the Diehards to take the reins. The remarkable consolidation of his power in the 1935 election was an acknowledgment by the electors that in spite of the crushing majority of the Conservative Party in the National Government he had not been unfaithful to the all-party mandate. In a more vital sense than that ever understood by Disraeli " he has educated his party " and converted it from being the servant of a narrow and class-conscious caucus into the embodiment of the aspirations of millions who subscribe to none of its old tenets and prejudices.

Can Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who is now certain to be Mr.

Baldwin's successor, succeed to such an inheritance without dissipating it? He has as yet very little of Mr. Baldwin's appeal. He is regarded as the safe party man, whose middle name is efficiency, a competent platform speaker but with no warmth in his message; a keen social reformer, but lacking any vital sympathy or understanding for the people whose lot he desires to improve.

Mr. Chamberlain is himself an essentially modest man, and is probably as much aware as his critics that he lacks Mr. Baldwin's superb electioneering gifts, and that he makes no personal appeal to the working classes. What will he do to strengthen his position and give his Government as fair a chance as possible of retaining power at the next election?

On the answer to this question there are two schools of thought. Some are of the opinion that he will perform the parade ground manœuvre known as "turning half Right" and, while by no means going over to the Diehards, will reconstitute the Government primarily on a Conservative party basis. They argue that, realizing that he cannot hope to poll the Baldwinian Liberal strength in the country, Mr. Chamberlain will depend for success on consolidating behind him every Conservative vote, calculating that the German menace alone will be sufficient to induce a large body of Liberals who support rearmament to vote for his candidates and so retain for his Government a working majority.

For my own part I believe that those who think that Mr. Chamberlain will act in this way misunderstand his character. Though he is at present an object of dislike to a great section of the working classes, Neville Chamberlain is his father's son, essentially a Radical. His Derating Bill was, after all, the most thorough reconstruction of local government since the Poor Law of 1834. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he can never be accused of relieving the rich at the expense of the poor. The moment that he found himself in a position to remove some of the more savage cuts that had been imposed by the financial crisis he made the unemployed the first charge upon his surplus.

It is sometimes argued that the worsening plight of the Distressed Areas is due to the fact that all proposals for reconstruction have to pass through the bottle neck of the Treasury.

But there is really no evidence that any practical proposal has been held up by the niggardly obscurantism of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. His speech in the House last December satisfied all but the most irresponsible critics on the Government side of the House. Though he is the idol of his party caucus, he is not temperamentally Conservative. He has never escaped from his Liberal Unionist traditions. Just as in his brother, Sir Austen, the old Liberal ardour is constantly emerging in his approach to social and political questions.

I believe that he will do his utmost to preserve the spirit of the all-party combination. There will be no proscription of National Liberal and National Labour representatives when he assumes control. Rather, by the very reason that he has not the same personal magnetism with Left Wing thought as Mr. Baldwin, will he be disposed to broaden the basis of the Government.

It is certainly necessary if the National Government is not to degenerate in the eyes of the electors into a sham and a humbug. I am not referring to posts in the Government so much as seats in the House of Commons. The present position by which nearly 400 Conservatives are able to call themselves "National" because they allow some 35 National Liberals and a dozen National Labour men to reach Parliament without Conservative opposition cannot be permanently stabilized. These allies, for all their scanty numbers, represent millions of voters in the country. It is only necessary to compare what the Conservative Party polled in independence in 1929 with the votes that they received in combination with National Liberals and National Labour to prove this. An analysis of the poll-book reveals that two out of three Liberals who voted for an independent Liberalism in 1929 plumped for the National Government in 1935. The National Labour group has no considerable organization in the country, but it is indisputable that it brings hundreds of thousands of votes to Conservative candidates in the country and, what is more important, is attracting in substantial numbers young men and women who in ordinary circumstances would drift into the ranks of the Labour Party as being the only expression of the ideals of constructive Socialism.

Both these Parties if they are to survive must have oppor-

tunities for growth and expansion. It is an absurd position that in the County of Lancashire, whose support is vital to the existence of any Government, there should be only one Liberal National. In Greater London, which comprises a sixth of the seats in England, there is not a single National Labour representative. Nothing is being done to remedy the situation. When there was recently a vacancy at Preston, which is a two-member constituency and therefore peculiarly suitable for a Liberal and a Conservative to run in harness, the Conservatives insisted, although there was a National Liberal candidate ready to fight, on their own nominee. When it was a question of finding a seat at a difficult time for Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who had been defeated at Bassetlaw, the Conservative Party, instead of surrendering out of their own plenty, came to the Liberal Nationals and asked them to give up Ross and Cromarty to Mr. MacDonald in the interests of national unity.

When representations are made as to the present gross inequalities of distribution, the answer is always made by the Conservative Central Office that the fault lies with the local associations over which Headquarters have no control. It is obvious that advice given by the leader of the Conservative Party to his followers in such cases would carry great weight. Such advice has not been given. Mr. Chamberlain would perform a signal service to the future of the National Government if he would actively interest himself, when he is Premier, in these electoral problems. I should not be surprised if he took a firmer grip on the electoral machine than has yet been evident, and used his powerful personal influence with his party to give a greater reality to the National appeal. He is essentially a practical man, and a plan to increase the strength of his Liberal and Labour allies would obviously attract him as a means of proving to the country that his Premiership did not mean a swing to the Right.

But the National Liberals and the National Labourites have their part to play. As a National Liberal myself I am delighted that my party is now at work on constructing a definite programme for its followers to fight for in the House of Commons and the country. A more precise definition, too, of what National Labour means, in terms of the concrete problems of the hour,

is also overdue. Both these groups will attain their rightful place only when they can show to the country that they are something more than patient oxen dragging the Tory waggon. They ought to make it clear that an occasion may arise when they will be compelled to resume an independent position.

The publication by the National Liberal and Labour groups of their ideas as to how future Government policy should be shaped would be particularly opportune on the accession of Mr. Chamberlain to the Premiership. He has a remarkably open mind, and when he has once decided that a constructive proposal is sound and sensible he has the necessary driving force to carry it through the Cabinet and the House of Commons. Indeed it is in his qualities as a driver that Mr. Chamberlain will be most valuable in these difficult days. Even now he is chairman of all the Cabinet Committees that matter, and if ever the Government is in difficulties in debate he is the man who comes to the rescue. He is not a scintillating speaker, but he radiates confidence, for he is always complete master of his brief. On occasion, he can castigate the Opposition with a merciless invective reminiscent of the mighty Joseph Chamberlain himself. He is the one man on the Government bench whom the Opposition not merely respect but fear.

Lord Cecil once said in the Coalition days of Mr. Lloyd George, to whom he had so violent a personal antipathy, that he was within an ace of enlisting under the banner of Asquith—"The fellow is so confoundly efficient; none at any rate can doubt who is Prime Minister." Since those days the office of Prime Minister has almost been in commission. It was not an uncommon experience when Mr. MacDonald was in nominal command, to see the whole House laughing not with their Prime Minister, but at him. Mr. Baldwin can emerge as leader with devastating effect, but the occasions are rare. For the most part he has remained amiably, almost sleepily, detached from the more turbulent controversies of the day. Mr. Chamberlain will restore the Premiership to its old importance. He will make it his business to know the details of all major Bills and will make his influence felt in every department.

There will be a change, too, in the method of appointments. Mr. Baldwin has relied, for his choice of men to promote, very

much on the advice of his Chief Whip. The result has been that office has too often gone to the young men who have given no trouble in the division lobby, rather than to those of independent mind and debating powers well tested in Parliamentary controversy. Consequently, on occasion Under Secretaries, when their chief has been in the Lords, have been found unequal to the task of piloting a difficult measure through the Commons when the Opposition has been formidable. Under Mr. Chamberlain efficiency is likely to be the sole passport to promotion.

In addition to a greater tautness in administration there will be a new vigour in foreign policy. Mr. Chamberlain is essentially a man who thinks clearly and expresses his thoughts in unambiguous language. Mr. Baldwin has always been obsessed by his conviction that at almost any cost Great Britain must be kept out of war. This dread of the possible consequences of strong action under the League Covenant was largely responsible for the Hoare-Laval fiasco, which in turn led to the humiliating withdrawal of sanctions last June. It is the pacifism of Mr. Baldwin which has produced in the Nazis the same delusion that existed in the mind of the Kaiser, that Great Britain could be ruled out of account as an effective breakwater against aggression. It has become increasingly evident that fear of war is the surest way of getting war. There will be no bluff with Chamberlain. When he makes a pronouncement it will mean business.

In brief, though Mr. Chamberlain lacks many of the gifts of Mr. Baldwin—his superb electioneering skill, his reputation as a man of goodwill with Left Wing thought, his capacity to rise to the height of a crisis—he will bring to the task many qualities that Mr. Baldwin does not possess. He has immense powers of industry, an ability to infuse into the whole of his administration his own high standards of efficiency, and above all a courage that expresses itself in plain language followed by firm action. It may well be that just as Mr. Baldwin was the ideal man to carry the country successfully through the industrial turmoils of the last decade, so Mr. Chamberlain is the right pilot for the very difficult danger zone in foreign affairs that, with the year 1937, we are now entering.

THE FASCIST INTERNATIONAL

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

IT was always patent to the student of politics that since the birth of Italian Fascism, an intangible Fascist International has existed in the shape of a certain volume of goodwill among reactionaries in all countries on which Fascists could count for support. It was that same section of the British Press which had screamed loudest about the Red Terror in Russia which endeavoured a few years later to present the Fascist terror in Italy as something extremely funny in which nothing worse than large doses of castor oil replaced horrible murders. The steps towards the overthrow of the Austrian democratic Republic—finally effected in 1934—taken year after year with the aid of Italian arms, money, and counsel, was the next phase which disproved the Duce's assertion that Fascism was not an article of export. The Rome Protocols between Italy, Austria, and Hungary were another, but the open constitution of the long-existent but intangible Fascist International was first effected last autumn by Herr Hitler's proclamation of an international crusade against "Marxism." Everyone who knows Herr Hitler realizes that this was really an attempt to ally the Fascist and other reactionary dictatorships of the world, not against Soviet Russia alone, but against liberty of thought everywhere.

Those who stand for democracy and peace can only congratulate themselves on this emergence of international Fascism into the open. It was a clumsy move on Germany's part, which has served to open the eyes of those whom she threatens, as well as of those ready to support her to a certain extent who have been alarmed at what they saw. Outwardly she has formed her Fascist International, but actually, the dropping of all concealment of her aggressive intentions has had the effect of isolating her to such an extent that at the moment her only possible ally in Europe seems to be her sister Fascist Power, Italy. What the Nuremberg crusade initiated was clearly international Fascist co-operation; what it aimed at but failed

to initiate was an international alliance. The pact with Japan has received no further adherents, although the reactionary States of the world have all given it their blessing with greater or less degrees of sincerity. It put a welcome break on the flirtations of British Conservatives with the Third Reich which Herr von Ribbentrop had so skilfully initiated. Together with the Nuremberg speeches, it dispelled the last illusions in Poland concerning the Nazis' real sentiments towards her, and from then on Poland's attitude towards the German anti-Soviet campaign has been one of armed neutrality. Hungary, whose leaders had been alluding to Germany as the fourth spoke in the wheel of the Rome bloc states, began to draw back—a process accelerated by the opportune decease of that fanatical pro-Nazi Premier, General Gömbös.

Neither General Göring nor Herr von Neurath on their visits to Budapest last autumn succeeded in their aim of making Hungary the fourth partner in the Rome bloc. These visits led up to the invitation of Count Ciano to visit Berlin and Berchtesgaden last November. Germany on this occasion again failed to secure Italy as a full ally, nor did she procure an invitation to participate in the forthcoming Vienna conference of the Rome bloc, although she did secure a privileged position at that conference, Herr von Papen alone among representatives of the non-bloc States being invited to all unofficial gatherings connected with it. More important was the Nazi success in calling Austria to heel and preventing her from mediating between Prague and Rome. Germany wrecked the prospect of co-operation between the Little Entente and the Rome bloc which was to have been initiated in Vienna.

What Germany certainly did secure from Count Ciano was an indefinite gentleman's agreement to consult and co-operate in European policy generally, and a definite agreement to co-operate in the attempt to overthrow the democratic Government of Spain through General Franco's military putsch. The question that remained was whether Italy could be detached from Germany in Spain, as she has already been detached from supporting the scheme for an invasion of Czechoslovakia. Six weeks ago, when it became known in Vienna that Herr Hitler was pressing the Reichswehr to agree to a lightning coup in

Central Europe, Italy took fright, and allowed it to be understood in Berlin that she could not support such an adventure. An important factor in influencing her in this direction was Mr. Eden's declaration of British interest in the fate of the Central European States—a declaration which may actually have prevented the outbreak of war. Subsequent comments by *The Times* and the B.B.C. have strengthened its effect. A firm statement by Mr. Eden on the subject of Spain, if given in time, might produce a similar result there, and even force Germany to withdraw her troops. (The attempt to draw a parallel between the real volunteers in Spain—individual haters of Fascism who, mostly against the will of their respective Governments, have managed to wriggle into Spain to support the Spanish Government—and the regular conscripts shipped *en masse* by Germany and Italy to attack the Government, is so obvious a part of the whole "neutrality swindle" of international Fascism as to need no elaboration.) Italy's policy in Central Europe has been largely one of blackmailing Great Britain by threatening support of Germany. In Spain she is blackmailing France in a similar way. But it seems safe to assume that the Duce is too shrewd, and knows too much concerning Germany's real situation to be prepared to take the plunge on her side into a general war. If that is so, France may well decide at any moment that the time has come to call Italy's—and Germany's—bluff.

For it is bluff, despite the feverish war preparations, the piled-up armaments and the hysterical war mentality created and maintained among the German people. Herr Hitler and General Göring were a little too greedy when the Nazis first assumed power, and overdid the speed of rearmament, with the result that some of their material is defective and some of it already out of date. The Czechoslovak military expert, Colonel Emanuel Moravec, has recently pointed out that if the assumption is correct that Russian aeroplanes have been defending Madrid against the assaults of the Junkers' machines with which it is known General Franco has been supplied by Germany, then the inferiority of the German planes cannot be questioned. For although there is (at the moment of writing) something like air equality over the capital, when the attack began some eighteen Government machines, of alleged Russian manufacture, managed

to hold up the attack, he says, of over fifty Junkers planes—no mean achievement. There is no question that the German chasers are mostly fitted with engines which are already out of date, having a maximum speed capacity of 250-300 kilometres an hour, whereas that of the chasers now being built in various countries is 450. Nor is Germany able to make good to any extent by scrapping her earlier machines and building more modern types, such as those which Great Britain is piling up at such speed, for her stocks of foreign currency are exhausted.

In addition to Germany's economic difficulty in obtaining fresh raw materials for war there is a psychological difficulty. Throughout the world the recognition is spreading that Nazism means war and disaster for the whole world, and in one country after another the Nazi regime is meeting with difficulties in obtaining raw materials for war. Yugoslavia, for example, is evading all Germany's present attempts to obtain further supplies of bauxite, essential to the production of war aluminium. In the Balkans and in South America—areas to which Dr. Schacht was last summer promising a glorious future, to be built up by supplying Germany with huge quantities of raw material without payment and allowing their markets to be swamped with German industrial products in return—there is a new shyness about moving towards this great destiny along the road of supplying Herr Hitler with the means of taking the offensive.

How hard pressed Germany is becoming in this respect is exemplified by her attitude towards Czechoslovakia at the recent commercial negotiations between the two countries. Czechoslovakia recently introduced a grain monopoly with the object of building up a grain reserve. Grain reserves for a country in Germany's position of course form part of the sinews of war, for not only can wheat be stored for three or four years (in the Ukraine it was stored successfully for seven), but reserves can be maintained indefinitely by replacing old reserves every year by the new harvest. Czechoslovakia, having insufficient silos at present available for the storage of all her wheat, has been considering the sale of her surplus stocks—to her friends. Learning of this, the Germans presented a demand at the commercial negotiations for the sale of a certain considerable quantity to herself—a demand couched in very strong terms.

In view of the abundant grain supplies throughout the world, and the ease with which Germany was filling her requirements up to a short time ago, the exigence of her demands to Czechoslovakia—for which I can vouch—is significant of her present straits. So is the affair of the Rio Tinto mines, for which I have good but not equally unimpeachable authority. I am informed that since the occupation of these British-owned mines by General Franco's rebel forces and the ruthless massacre of the miners who were loyal to the Government, the ore production destined for Great Britain and needed for our own munition supplies has been seized by the rebel leaders and diverted to Germany. If, as I have reason to believe, this is a fact, it may cause some of the Rio Tinto shareholders to reconsider their estimate of the advantages of an eventual triumph of the military rebels and their foreign Fascist backers over the Spanish people. The amount of copper ore which Germany may have secured from her puppet General Franco, the few thousand truckloads of wheat which she tried to blackmail Czechoslovakia into handing over, are in themselves insignificant. What is significant is the fact that she is reduced to attaching importance to even such small quantities of raw materials for war. It lends real importance to the apparently trivial campaign in England to induce the individual to abstain for the present from buying a single German product or spending holidays in or travelling through Germany. Such proofs of Germany's desperate efforts to secure the sinews of war do indeed suggest that by rigorously avoiding any expenditure which would result in foreign exchange reaching the Reich Government to be spent, as all available foreign exchange certainly is spent, on war preparations, it is within the power of every individual to do something to cripple the Nazi power for mischief.

But there are two raw materials of supreme importance for the motorized artillery (and air force) which is going to be the backbone of the next war—rubber and petrol, and for both of these Germany is entirely dependent on imports. For the latter she must remain so dependent; for the former, at least for a period of many months, probably also indefinitely. Germany is experimenting hard on the production of synthetic rubber, but Central European experts believe that within three

months of modern warfare her motorized units would be crippled by shortage of natural rubber. In Russia, two factories are already turning out synthetic rubber at quite a useful rate, but Germany has not got beyond the experimental stage. Moreover, the production is such an expensive process as to be almost prohibitive under the capitalist system to a country like Germany with so little financial reserve. Private capital certainly could not be induced to interest itself in such an unremunerative product.

Germany's petrol reserves would also not carry her far in a general war, and much time would have to elapse before she could realize her design of securing the Rumanian resources. And, as already mentioned, there are increasing signs that the governments of the world, in belated realization of what the supplying of Germany's demands will ultimately mean, are becoming less and less complaisant in the financing of exports to her. Yet her merchants cannot pay—nor can her Government—for imports without the assistance of foreign Governments. What she requires is what she is demanding of Austria today in her commercial negotiations with that country—the financing of exports by the Government of the exporting country, with the prospect of ultimate repayment by German manufactures which in all probability the country cannot accept without upsetting all her other suppliers.

In detail, the scheme in Austria is that the Austrian National Bank should pay the Austrian peasants and landowners for their grain and timber in Schillings, for Germany neither has nor can she procure the Schillings, and her Marks she dare not export lest their real depreciation should be revealed. The Reichsbank would in turn pay Marks to the German exporter for the goods he sent to Austria—the usual German “compensation transaction.” The stagnation of the Austro-German negotiations is largely due to the refusal of the President of the Austrian National Bank, Dr. Kienboeck, to finance such Austrian exports by the only means open to him—inflation. In a belated access of clarity, the Austrian Press is now pointing out that Austria would have to finance all her exports to Germany herself. For the moment Dr. Schacht appears to have shot his bolt. In Yugoslavia, Rumania, and even Bulgaria, there is growing

opposition among both business men and the Government to the whole barter system of Germany which was blooming as recently as last autumn.

Whatever one may think of Signor Mussolini's intentions—and his capping of the Anglo-Italian Mediterranean Pact by the landing of further large contingents of Italian troops to support the Spanish military rebellion should furnish all the evidence needed to form a correct judgment—no one need doubt the excellence of his information. That Nazi Germany today faces a less favourable economic situation than at any time during the last three years is certainly better known to him than to most. He must also be aware of the reports which are in the hands of other skilled foreign observers concerning the present discontent among the German middle and working classes. It is a discontent which can, of course, never be voiced—there is still room enough in the concentration camps—but what does exist, it appears, is disillusion with the extravagant promises, weariness at the long-continued privations, and growing doubts of the cure-all efficacy of Herr Hitler's national programme. Here is one reason for the vehement pursuit of the Spanish adventure today, with its slaughter and mutilation.

But despite all *Gleichschaltung*, there is another reactionary Germany distinct from Hitler-Germany—the solid relics of the old Imperial Germany, the Reichswehr. The Reichswehr is as eager as any professional army for the glories of war, and more eager than most, but it prefers to seek these glories under conditions where its professional acumen can assume that there is a reasonable prospect of victory. That is not the position now. The opposition of the Reichswehr and the German Navy to Nazi playing with fire was shown in the refusal of Admiral Förster to allow the German Fleet in Spanish waters to engage in the piratical actions which the *Königsberg* and the *Admiral Scheer* subsequently undertook after the command of the German Fleet had passed to Admiral Carls. But Admiral Förster's farewell words, remarkable in a "retiring" officer, to his fellow officers, were "*Auf Wiedersehen, meine Kameraden.*" One of the persons best equipped to judge the internal situation in Germany today, with long years of activity in an important position there, told me two days ago: "If Hitler were to provoke

a war today, the Reichswehr, despite the frequent warnings they have given him of their unpreparedness, would go into it behind him. But within four weeks they would have established a new regime in Germany."

That is one form of opposition—concrete, tangible. There is another which is intangible and quite incalculable, that of the anti-Fascists—of the Communists, Socialists, Democrats and Liberals in Germany. Before the advent of Hitler there were six million Communists alone in Germany. Killings, concentration camps and prisons have accounted for a great many, but not for six million. Where are the others? Here is a significant little incident which has escaped general attention. For many months a German Major of artillery had been experimenting in the greatest secrecy on an electrical device for serving and firing gun batteries in an advanced or exposed position from a secure station far in the rear, so that only the guns and ammunition, but not the gun crew, would be exposed to fire. One day, about five months ago, he brought his device so near perfection that he was able to give a (very secret) demonstration of it to the German General Staff. That same evening Moscow broadcast the following message at the conclusion of the news programme: "Our heartiest congratulations to Major ——— of the ——— Regiment of Artillery, on his interesting experiment in distant battery control which was so successfully carried out at ——— today. He will be interested to know that copies of his plans are in Moscow, and while they lag behind our own, they are nevertheless a brilliant piece of work."

It is surprising that many otherwise well-informed political observers have failed to notice the curiously good relations between Italy and Czechoslovakia. The division of Europe into Fascist and anti-Fascist States often tends to the ignoring of how national interests continually, as here, cut across ideological. On purely logical grounds, the liberal, democratic republic of Czechoslovakia, Germany's selection as the first victim of expansion, the ally of Soviet Russia and of Yugoslavia, should be on the worst of terms with Fascist Italy, the friend of Nazi Germany. In point of fact, the two countries have hardly known a quarrel since 1918, and their relations today are a good deal more cordial than appears on the surface. The German campaign

against Czechoslovakia found little echo in the Italian press, and the alarm about the formation of the Rome bloc, at one time expressed in Belgrade, was not voiced in Prague. The conclusions of the Little Entente Conference at Bratislava last autumn will be found on examination to have been in essence preparations to meet an attack from Germany, not to face any threat from Italy. The view expressed in many London papers that the Vienna conference of the Rome bloc states, which was announced just afterwards, was a "reply" to the Bratislava meeting was ridiculed in the Prague press. In point of fact, as everyone knows now, this Vienna conference would have brought the Little Entente and Rome blocs closer together had Germany not succeeded in preventing this. The resolution of that Conference in favour of bilateral treaties only between its members and outside Powers was at first seen only as a bar to the rapprochement of these two blocs. It is now considered in Prague, following on certain assurances from Rome, to have been equally intended as a barrier against Germany joining the Rome bloc.

Prague, in fact, maintains its optimism despite the general pessimism in Europe concerning Czechoslovakia's immediate future, largely because of its faith in arguments based on the map of Europe and on the Duce's understanding of it. Rightly or wrongly, Czechoslovakia refuses to believe that Italo-German co-operation in the cause of the Fascist International could go so far as to induce Italy to countenance a German invasion of Czechoslovakia. For the seizure of Czechoslovakia's Sudeten-German territory—supposing it could be carried through successfully—would obviously be only the first move to realizing the programme of *Mein Kampf*, of bringing together all German-speaking peoples under the rule of the Third Reich. The absorption of Austria would be practically simultaneous, and Herr Hitler's past examples of his regard for the pledged word would hardly suffice to reassure Signor Mussolini that the German advance would halt at the Brenner and exempt the purely Germanic peoples of South Tyrol from "liberation" by the Nazis.

Nor does the danger to other countries with German minorities end here. Everyone knows of the Nazi maps discovered in Hungary showing "Greater Germany" stretching through

Bohemia, Moravia and Austria into Hungary and finishing at the shores of the Hungarian Lake Balaton. Despite the ties with Nazi Germany forged by General Gömbös, the Hungarian Government has in the past few months arrested numerous Nazi agents from the Third Reich caught stirring up Hungary's German minority with propaganda of this sort, and has ignored the protests of Herr von Mackensen, the German Minister in Budapest. Although too much reliance cannot be placed on Italy's assurances that she is now a satisfied state, it is clear that for several years to come she cannot desire a foreign adventure. Her plans for Abyssinia differ greatly from those which Great Britain and France have pursued in their colonization, and will be far more costly and take much longer to realize. Her ambition is not merely to administer and exploit, but really to *colonise*—to settle Italians in large numbers in Northern Africa. She will have her hands full. She realizes the weaknesses behind the imposing (and alarming) united front of aggressive intentions which Nazi Germany presents to the world, and she must certainly dread being precipitated into war by the driving necessity of the Nazi dictatorship to conceal its economic failure at home from the German people by sensational triumphs of violence abroad.

The conclusion, therefore, seems inevitable that now is the given moment for Britain and France to call the German bluff, and administer a decisive check to the bullying tactics of the Third Reich which so far have carried her from triumph to triumph. The keystone is Spain. The most obvious danger which could result from a triumph of Germany and her agent General Franco in Spain and Spanish Morocco, is the encirclement of France and the threat to her African possessions.

But above and beyond this would be the enormous increase of German prestige among those very lesser States where it is now at such a low ebb, and the securing to her of all Spain's and Spanish Morocco's vast supplies of the raw materials for war. The British National Government is reputed to base its whole policy on the need of gaining time for rearmament. But if we in six months' time are better armed, and have to pay the price by yielding today to German aggression in Spain, it will be a very different Germany which will confront us.

THE WELL

BY JEAN GIONO

(Translated from the French by V. S. Pritchett)

THEY were sitting near the little gate of the station. They were at the end of their tether and kept looking at the conveyance and then at the road, which was greasy with rain. The winter afternoon was spread black and white in the mud like washing which had fallen off a line.

The stouter of the two men got up. He rubbed his hands down both sides of his velveteen greatcoat and ended by cleaning out the bits from the lining of its pocket. It was empty. The driver was climbing up to his seat and had already started clicking with his tongue at the horses which pricked up their ears. "Hi! Wait for us," shouted the stout man. Then he turned to his friend and said, "Come on!" They both went towards the conveyance, the stout man leading and the other seeming to float along, very thin, in a thick and heavy worn-out shepherd's cloak. His neck, which stuck out of the hood, was emaciated and lined like a line of steel rope.

"Where are you going?" asked the stout man.

"Up to the town."

"How much?"

"Tanner."

"Get up," said the stout man. He bent down to hold back the skirts of the other man's cloak and to guide his foot to the step.

"Get up," he said to him. "Get a move on, old 'un."

But first they had to let a young girl get in with all her boxes. She had a strong, full white nose, covered with powder, and she knew everyone was looking at it. This caused her to glance sideways in a rather offended manner, which made the stout man say, "Beg pardon, miss."

Sitting opposite them there was a plump and spongy-looking

woman wearing a coat with fur round the neck and sleeves. A commercial traveller had squeezed himself next to her and he had stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat so as to be able to dig his elbow into her now and then.

"Lean back there," said the stout man, propping up the thin man's shoulder. The thin man let his head fall back and kept it still. He had fine blue eyes, quite motionless, like still, dead water.

They moved off slowly because it was uphill. The blue eyes watched the trees passing by. Tirelessly they watched as if counting. Then flat fields came into sight and there was nothing to be seen from the window but the monotonous grey sky. The light went out of the gazing blue eyes and they became as dead as nails. They looked straight at the plump woman, but as if they were looking through her from very, very far off and very sadly. It was like the absent look in the eyes of a sheep.

The lady pulled her fur collar round her. The commercial traveller began to feel up and down his trousers to see if they were done up. The young girl drew in her skirts.

The look of those eyes was always in the same place. It was a look that seemed to pierce and sting there like a thorn.

The lady ran her glove along her lips. They were sweet and moist and she was drying them. The commercial traveller tapped his fingers up and down his trousers again and stretched out his arm as if he had got cramp. He tried to outstare the dead look of the old man, but he had to lower his eyes and his hand fidgeted over his coat front. His pocket-book was still there all right! Nevertheless, he reassured himself by running his fingers round the edges of it and feeling its thickness.

Then the inside of the coach darkened. They had got to the Station Road now where the houses dart out like two arms from the town. On the one side was the usual Hotel du Commerce and its gardens. On the other were the grocer shops, the usual three sour rivals.

* * *

The local priest was knocking out his pipe into the collection plate. His ash tray was just out of reach on the edge of the

prie-dieu. He put his pipe still warm into its case. He had several packages of pious circulars to deliver in the town and he had got out the list of subscribers "to classify by roads and houses." But three of the packages were missing. He looked everywhere for them. Then, after shifting a pile of books and folding up a newspaper, he discovered them. The precious packages were lying under a parcel of pig's liver which his brother had brought in. "He might have minded what he was doing," the priest muttered. One of the covers was blood-stained. He held it up to the grey light of the window to see whether, if one tilted it, the stain would not show. The best thing to do with this copy, he thought, would be to give it to Madame Puret at the oil shop. She was half blind and her hands were always covered with oil and she would never know she had not made the stain herself.

The brother had also brought some stable mess into the room on his boot. The priest got up and gingerly tipped it by the toe of his shoe to the hearth. Suddenly there was the sound of knocking.

"Martha," he called out, "there is someone at the door."

"What?" shouted Martha, opening the kitchen door. Her thin apron strings divided her into three nasty-looking parcels. "What! Another one!" she screamed back. "It wouldn't hurt you to answer the door for a change! Always running up and downstairs wearing out my poor feet, getting my death."

The knocking at the door went on. "Go on, you go and see for once," she shouted. "And don't let them upstairs because this weather makes the place filthy." Her face was smeared over with fat. "It is those dripping dishes that did it," she said. "The larder shelf is too high. One of them slipped and I caught it on the face."

"All right, all right, coming," the priest called in the passage. He drew the bolts and opened the door.

"Evening, Sir," said the stout man. The thin one with the blue eyes was behind him trembling under his cloak.

"We don't give to beggars here," said the priest when he saw them.

The stout one took off his cap; the thin one raised his hand and fixed the look of his blue eyes into the priest.

"Have you any little job of work we could do?" asked the stout man.

"A job?" said the priest. He affected to be thinking, but all the time he was slowly closing the door.

"Any job," the stout man said.

Suddenly the priest opened the door wide. "Come in," he said. The stout man who had put his hat back on his head hurriedly took it off again.

"Thank you, thank you, your reverence," he said. "Thank you." He scraped his boots on the door scraper and lowered his head as he came in, although there was no need to do so because the door was a very high one. The other man said nothing. He just came straight in without bowing his head and without wiping his feet, but watching every gesture of the priest, with the cold sadness of his blue eyes.

They went down by a gateway at the side of the house, which had at one time been a manor farm. There was a square courtyard and in it a staircase running up to a gallery which ran all round it.

Suddenly the priest remembered their muddy feet and said: "Stay down there," and he went up. The stout man smiled to himself.

"What did I say," he said. "We will get our tanner back. We've clicked."

The priest called out when he got inside. "Martha!" he called. Then his voice changed. "What are you cooking?" he asked.

She had just put a dish down on the white table and the pigs fry was frizzling in it with little bits of violet liver and clusters of sweetbreads. "It is a fry" Martha said, and she began to pour in a thin stream of rough wine which smelt of the root. The boiling fat quietened down.

"Is that for tonight?" asked the priest.

"Yes."

"Look here, Martha, I have just had an idea," said the priest. "What about getting the pump put right?"

"You can't do that without going down the well," Martha said, still pouring the wine.

"Yes, I know," said the priest. She did not answer but

jerked up the bottle briskly and carried the dish back to the stove.

"You won't get anyone to go down that well. You know what the plumber said. He said he didn't want to break his neck. It is too old, that well, and it's got worse in the bad weather. No one's going down that if they can help it."

"There are two men downstairs looking for a job. They look as though they're on their beam ends."

"Well, there's your chance!" exclaimed Martha, "You'll never get that plumber to go down, he told me. If they're hard up they'll do anything. Beggars can't be choosers."

* * *

"Look here, my man," the priest said. "There's a job here if you like. Our pump's gone wrong. Something wrong with the lead pipe. It ought to be held in by staples against the side of the well, but they've worked loose or something and the pipe has come unstuck and is wagging about loose inside like a snake as you might say. It's dragging on the bolt at the top and I am afraid it may pull the bolt right out. I have got a few staples. The only thing is it means going down the well."

"Is it deep?" the stout man asked.

"Oh, no, it isn't deep," said the priest. "Not at all—well yes in a sense, but still not very deep. You know, just an ordinary farmhouse well, 50 or 60 feet at the most."

"Where is it? Here?"

"Yes, it is just here." The priest walked over to the other side of the courtyard and the stout man followed him and the other man, too, in his cloak.

There was a little arch in the wall and underneath an old stone trough worn down by the water. He opened the hatch and the hinges squeaked and layers of rust fell off it on to the slabs.

"There you are," said the priest.

A sour smell of night plants and deep water came up from the depths of the well. There was an echoing "ping" as a bit of stone fell off the side into it. The priest peeped forward, but held himself back at the same time drawing in his behind. You could almost hear his toes creaking in his boots.

"That's it." He seemed rather apologetic about it. "There are two of you I see," he said.

The stout man looked at his friend. There he was still floating about in his grey cloak. He seemed to have no face, only eyes—those cold blue eyes staring into the middle of the priest's cassock looking clean through it into the wretchedness of the world. He was trembling and he kept painfully swallowing in gulps and clicking his Adam's apple up and down.

"O.K. your reverence," said the stout man, "That's O.K. by me. I've only one pair of hands, but I'll fix it." Martha came out on to the balcony.

"Your reverence!" she called. "It is time for your music lesson," and at the same moment someone rang at the door. The priest went to open it. A tall fair-headed youth was there. He was dressed in a fine tweed cape.

"Ah, just go upstairs, Master René," said the priest, "and I'll be with you in a minute."

He went back to the men. "I—I—er—don't know how safe that—er—well is," he said.

"Now just you stay put, old 'un," said the stout man. "There was a doorway at the far end of the courtyard. Inside there were a lot of rabbits hopping about and squeaking."

"Stay there and sit down. Feeling cold?"

He sat down beside the old thin one and undid his own boots. "It's easier barefoot," he said. "You can hang on by your toe-nails." Then he undid his baggy trousers and took them off.

"Keep your legs free. You can use 'em better when they're free," he said. "Not to mention the weight. Put them over yourself. Keep you warm."

The cold air of the well steamed in the courtyard.

"If I want any help I'll give a shout," he said, as he let himself down over the edge of the well. He was letting himself down by his hands and his head was still sticking up over the top. He glanced down into the darkness as he felt for a grip with his feet.

"I've got the holes all right, old 'un. That's me. So long." And he disappeared.

Sounds of a harmonium being played came out of the house, The notes went spiralling and waltzing up to heaven in threes,

swinging like a snake. The air was being fairly well played by the priest but, after a silence, fell under the clumsier fists of Master René.

The day declined. Up on the balcony of the first floor a number of pots of cactus were set out and there was a jar with a nosegay of violets. The old thin man was gazing at the flowers. Night rose in the courtyard like a fountain, filling it, and gradually the flowers melted out of sight. The darkness rose up to the second floor.

The old man got up and went over to the well and groped for the hatch. He leaned over. Down below he heard a sort of raking noise. He called down. There was an answering call from the other man below. The sound came up half-suffocated after a few seconds.

"Are you all right?" said the old man.

"Yes," replied the voice. Then it said, "All right, old 'un?"

The old man went back to sit in his place and just at that moment, Martha opened the door and appeared on the first floor balcony with a lamp in her hand.

"Can you see with this lamp, Master René?" she asked. "Will you close the door after you?" The fair-headed boy closed the door. Martha looked down into the courtyard. "It looks as though they've cleared out," she said.

* * *

The stout man stepped across out of the shadow. His muddy boots scraped on the cold cobbles.

"Are you still there?" he called.

"Yes," came the voice of the old man.

"Well, give me back my trousers. I've fixed it. Not so warm, is it?" he said, when he got them on again.

The house was completely silent except for the sound of frying that came from the first floor. He called out: "Your reverence!" But the sound of frying drowned the call. He called out again: "Your reverence!"

"What is it?" Martha yelled back.

"I've fixed it," said the man.

"Fixed what?" Martha yelled again.

"The pump."

"Oh, the pump! All right, I'll go and see."

She returned to the kitchen and started pumping into the sink. The water ran. The priest was reading close to the stove, getting as near as he could to the food that was frying.

"It's running all right," she said. He barely looked up.

"I suppose I'd better go and pay them," he reflected. "What'll I give them? It wasn't a big job."

"And close the door!" yelled Martha. But she went down after the priest, saw them off the place and gave the lock a double turn and stuck the bar up after them.

Fine cold rain had begun to fall. Under the lamp the man looked at the coin in his hand. It was a sixpence. The man with the blue eyes gazed too at the little coin showing in the hand that was scratched and torn and muddy.

"No use wearing yourself out for me," the old man said. "I'm done and finished. I'm only a drag on you. You go on without me or you'll kill yourself."

"Get a move on and shut up," said the stout man.

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN RECORDS

BY STANLEY CASSON

ARCHÆOLOGY has, for its own good or ill, caught the popular mind. A generation ago the average person was quite unable to divest his mind of the idea that an archæologist must have a long white beard, large spectacles and a pathetic enquiring look on his face; it was equally suspected that, when roused, he would burst into a paroxysm of rage if his views were doubted. There was, in fact, a good deal of truth in this popular conception, for in the first half of the nineteenth century what then passed as archæology was largely a hobby reserved for the aged and the retired who, by virtue of curious minds and an inquiring nature, spent their leisure in probing the ancient sites of the past, and collecting ancient relics and "curios." Some less aged men, but nevertheless men of leisure, made very important contributions to knowledge, such as Boucher de Perthes, a French customs officer, who in the '50's was the first to identify Palæolithic implements; or Harrison of Ightham, a Kentish villager, who, with great insight identified, not long after Boucher de Perthes, a still earlier phase of the stone implement industry, the so-called Eolithic. But for the most part the elderly white-bearded men did in fact represent the activities of the student of Antiquity, both in England and elsewhere. Then, slowly, it was seen that there was a difference between the Archæologist and the Antiquary: that the former was a student of one of the branches of humanist study which can serve, in the historic periods, to add enormously to historic knowledge, and in the prehistoric periods to formulate chronology and create a history recorded not by written records, but by archæological facts. But the power of the written word, reinforced by the tremendous prestige associated with Holy Script, has given such kudos to what was written that records not consisting of words were considered by scholars as trash. Archæologists were called, until quite recent years, "collectors of pots and pans," men unworthy to rank with those who in the quiet of their studies

had spent long hours emending and correcting the ancient literary records of literary men. To make an emendation in the text of a Greek manuscript was held by many to be a far greater achievement than to have recovered two hundred years of unrecorded history, even if the emendation was a pure invention of the emendator.

But that prejudice has largely died down. The literary scholars now realize the extent to which they must depend upon the archæologist, whether they wish it or not. They have at last realized that the period during which written records, not procured by the archæologists, are operative to explain the history of mankind barely exceeds two and a half thousand years, while the antiquity of man covers a period of 500,000 years. It is obvious to them that the recorded history of the human race covers but a short hour of its history. The archæologists have helped them considerably by revealing more written records not suspected—the cuneiform of Babylonia and Sumer, the hieroglyphics of Egypt and elsewhere—which add another two thousand years to history as recorded in writing. But the tremendous prestige of a written document still holds, for we have barely passed out of that age when writing was the greatest invention ever made by man. The world has been literate, after all, only in fits and starts. Mesopotamia was the home of the great invention, and Mesopotamia alone remained constantly and continuously literate from about 3000 B.C. to the Middle Ages, a record which has nowhere else been beaten.

If proof of this somewhat startling assertion is needed, it can be given in two ways. In Mesopotamia, under Sumerian rule, under Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, and Sasanian, the Kings frequently made for themselves great public monuments. Such monuments are usually inscribed, sometimes with long and detailed statements of the achievements of the ruler and the extent of his conquests. Such is the great monument of Darius at Behistun, carved in the rock, inscribed with an account of the Persian Empire. Assyrian inscriptions are perhaps even more widespread and more specific. Such monuments were made to endure for all time—which for the most part they have—and they were designed to impress the passing traveller, the caravan, and the citizen. They presuppose that he could read them.

Secondly, throughout the same periods every merchant and every man who had even a small amount of property, possessed also a seal-stone with which he could seal the documents of daily business, the cuneiform tablets which then took the place of ledger and account books. The number of Sumerian, Babylonian, and Persian seal stones which have been found is enormous. Many of them are actually inscribed with the owner's name. They also presuppose a widespread knowledge of reading and writing.

The Persians who succeeded the Sasanians and lasted until the Mongol invasions of the thirteenth century A.D. were, perhaps, not quite so literate as their predecessors. But the widespread interest in poetry and the large number of Persian writings that have come down to us testify that the deep-rooted knowledge of reading and writing in Mesopotamia and Persia was not finally eradicated until the Mongol destructions. Even then much survived after that calamity, though, for the most part, the ordinary man now became illiterate.

In comparison Greece and Rome produced a civilization which was literate only for some 1,200 years. With the end of the Roman world literacy, in the sense that the average citizen could read and write, ceased for several hundred years. In Greece as in the Roman Empire, everyone had these achievements except slaves. Even the Romano-British working man was literate. You will still see written on tiles found in London and elsewhere, the odd remarks and witticisms which the workmen scratched in their luncheon hour. But few workmen were literate from the fall of Rome to the nineteenth century in any European land. We had to start all over again with the tiresome business. And every time that man starts anew to read and write he marvels anew, for the glamour of the invention is still strong upon him. It is so very recent a discovery, even if we date it back to the time of the early Sumerians, compared with the total history of Man.

That, I think, largely accounts for the prejudice which surrounds anything recorded in handwriting or print. And that prejudice is reinforced by the overwhelming power given by religion to its testaments. If the Bible says so then it must be so, is a dogma belonging not merely to a mediæval age or even

to a reformed Puritan era, but to the days in which we live. It is recorded, and therefore it has a power and truth not permitted in other mediums of recording.

But there is a reaction and, in its way, the reaction is almost as dangerous to the study as the original animus against purely archæological facts. On the one hand, the older generation of scholars said that "If your story is based solely on archæological knowledge, its worth is infinitesimal in comparison with a story recorded in written script." On the other, the enthusiasts will state that "Since written records are often tendencious and erroneous, they are nothing like so valuable as the certain facts produced by excavation."

Between these two extremes the unhappy archæologist has to make his cautious way. Some archæologists, through excess of caution, merely tabulate the bare facts of their discoveries, cataloguing them like a seedsman or a grocer, and leave the student to make what he can of them, letting the literary man draw his conclusions if he likes. Others, casting caution to the winds, make wide and sometimes rash inferences from evidence which will hardly permit it, in order that they can justify their claim to be as good as the professed historians.

The wiser course is to realize that neither way can stand alone. An archæological report that is a mere catalogue is an incomplete report. Conclusions must be given by every excavator. But the conclusions must adhere with close and absolute fidelity to the listed facts. You cannot go outside your terms of reference—or you should not.

And so, in the long run, the facts of archæological discovery and those recorded by history and literature must be taken together when they exist together; the conflict must be dealt with, if there is a conflict. If recorded history states one thing and archæological facts indicate another there must either be a reconciliation between them or one set of facts must be preferred to the other. The glamour that surrounds written record must be cleared away by the wind of impartial scrutiny. If a historical writer says that at a certain place at a certain time a certain state of affairs existed, and archæological excavations proves conclusively that it did not, then we must accept our historian as wrong and conclude that, even if he be Herodotus or Thucydides or

Gibbon or Mommsen, he wrote in error. Such a situation is constantly arising in archæological research.

There are many instances which I have not the space to mention here. But I might quote, for example, the way in which archæological research at Sparta has revealed that the Spartans, so far from being the inartistic, puritanical, militaristic luxury-hating people of Greek tradition, were, in fact, at least in the seventh and early sixth century B.C., one of the most luxurious and artistic peoples of Greece. The excavations showed that there was in this early period an almost oriental love of music and adornment, a wide interest in poetry and music and little or nothing of puritanism. Later there came the puritanical revolution which made Sparta a byword for uncultured simplicity throughout history. But the historians had forgotten that early rapture of art and culture, for it happened many generations before they wrote. I might quote also the strange enigma of the Phœnicians who are supposed still by many to have colonized Britain and to have brought eastern culture to our islands. History tells us of them, but archæology not only can produce no single object of their importation, but it states quite firmly that, if indeed any Phœnicians did come here, we have no grounds at all on which to base our belief in that supposition. True, the archæological refutation of the historians is largely based on negative evidence. But it is negative evidence of a peculiarly cogent kind. For, if after nearly a century of excavation in our island, no trace of Phœnician importations and commercial activity has been found we can with tolerable safety suggest that there was none to find.

Here are two myths of the historians now dissipated. There are even certain myths of the emendator which archæology has banished! In the *Ethics* of Aristotle occurs a strange passage referring to "man, who won a victory at Olympia in the games." It is not "the man" or "a man" but just "man." As such it long baffled the textual critics. One inserted "the," without textual authority, while another, more ingenious, suggested that a proper name had dropped out of the text and someone had put in brackets, simply "man," in the sense of "Another." Then, when a papyrus found in Egypt was at last deciphered and published in the second volume of that great work of erudition, the *Oxyrhyncus Papyri*, we were given a list of Olympian victors

from a forgotten treatise on the Games. In it appeared among the winners a Greek with the singular and unique name *Anthropos*. Here was our enigmatic winner whose name was, simply enough, Mr. Man. That made the sentence read as sense and now the latest texts print the word previously printed as "anthropos" as "*Anthropos*." A small point indeed, but one where the archæologist held the key, for the papyrus which cleared the matter up came from an excavation.

The facts recorded by an ancient historian are facts recorded by a man who lived at the time of the events he records, at least in the case of Thucydides and similar writers. That gives him strength as a contemporary witness. But the facts of archæological research may also be contemporary, and they are every bit as valuable as witnesses if they can be interpreted.

In recent years the agreement between the historian and the archæologist has been much reinforced. Each year we find the newly discovered facts confirming anciently recorded statements, in those periods where archæology and written record cover the same ground. And, naturally enough, it is the Greek period where the highest standard of complementary agreement is to be found, for Greek historians are, on the whole, more accurate observers than historians of other ages. To take a small example. We have all heard of ostracism. The term literally means "the process of the potsherd." A referendum was taken of the Democracy at Athens whenever there was a political impasse, and every citizen was asked to scratch on any chance potsherd that he could pick up, the name of the politician who should, in his opinion, leave the country for the country's good. The size of modern democracies makes this salutary process, today, alas, impracticable! As schoolboys we had all heard the story of Aristides the Just, and his ostracism. But, somehow, we never quite believed that the process occurred literally as indicated by its name. We imagined some sort of public vote by show of hands. Not a bit of it. The excavators of the Athenian market place, who have now been digging for several years, have accumulated an almost embarrassing quantity of broken fragments of pot, roughly inscribed with the names of leading politicians of Athens in fifth century B.C. Among them occurs the name of Aristides with considerable frequency. All

the names of politicians recorded by Thucydides and Aristotle (in his *Athenian Constitution*) occur on these sherds, and others not hitherto referred to by the historians. Almost a hundred in all have been found, thrown away after the grim process was concluded. A complete history of Athenian Ostracism can be written from their evidence. The unknown names can be roughly dated by the form of their letters. History is thus illustrated, vindicated and enlarged. "The pot and pan hunter" can no longer be jeered at by the historians.

We all remember at school reading through the long and thorny passages of Thucydides in which he describes those exciting events at Pylos and Sphacteria, when the relatively amateur Athenian soldiery succeeded by a brilliant coup in forcing a detachment of the finest soldiers of Sparta to lay down their arms and surrender on a rocky island off the west coast of the Peloponnese. Even in a drab and dusty schoolroom we could glimpse the excitement that must have run so high in Athens at the time. Many of us since have seen the lovely Victory of Pæonios in the Museum at Olympia which was made to celebrate the event. Now in the same Athenian excavations has been found a bent and battered bronze shield on which, after cleaning it, the excavators found roughly punched the inscription "*Dedicated by the Athenians: from the Spartans at Pylos.*" When the captives and their arms were brought in triumph to Athens, their shields were hung up in one of the public buildings. Somehow one of the shields a century later was dropped into a cistern which was filled up. There the excavators found it. The events it commemorates live in the lucid pages of Thucydides. There you find the story of how Cleon the demagogue swore to conclude the siege of the Spartans in twenty days. The people of Athens, who almost took him as a joke, gave him permission to try his hand and, to the surprise of all Greece, he succeeded. The four hundred odd Spartans were brought back, and one of the soldiers of Cleon punched this rough inscription on the shield of his captive. What better illustration to Thucydides is there than this?

Then what a mass of information archæology has provided for us about the battle of Marathon. There is the burial mound of the Athenians on the battle-field. Excavated many years ago,

it yielded the humble oil-pots and vases which, after the battle in 490, the relatives of the dead had placed beside the bodies. Arrowheads from the battlefield were also found buried with them. But the recent excavations at Athens have provided a more precise documentation still. A fragmentary inscription was found in the Athenian market place which preserved the half of two four-line verses. It was found to belong to another fragment, long known, but unidentified. The whole gave two verses which commemorated the dead of the battle, and the verses were of a very high literary order. Research showed that, in the pages of an obscure writer, it was stated that in the competition, soon after the battle, held to select the official inscription for the official war memorial of the event, Simonides, the famous poet, won the prize; while Aeschylus, the dramatist, came second. Rumour had it that Aeschylus, a native-born Athenian, was deeply offended that the prize was given to Simonides, who was a foreigner. On the stone found the first dedication can indisputably be assigned to Simonides on grounds of style. The second might well be by Aeschylus. But it would be strange if the second prize-winner also inscribed his verse on the war-memorial. Yet he certainly did so, for a closer scrutiny of the stone showed that the second verse was added after the erection of the monument. We can thus safely reconstruct what happened. After the monument was up, perhaps only a month or so later, local support of Aeschylus and his sympathisers persuaded the authorities to add the verse of the poet who only came second, so as not to wound his susceptibilities. All were then satisfied. A very Athenian compromise.

But the question remained how it happened that both these verses had not survived in the various anthologies of epitaphs and epigrams which have come down to us, among which the verses of Simonides are numerous, for he was one of the loveliest of all Greek poets. The explanation is this: ten years after the victory of Marathon, the revengeful Persians came again and captured Athens and laid it waste. One of the first objects of their destruction would naturally be all those monuments which commemorated the battle of Marathon. And so they broke this stone and knocked it over. Then it got buried in the debris until the excavators found it. That explains how it came to be

omitted from the anthologies, for they were not compiled until well after the second invasion of the Persians, and by that time the broken memorial was buried.

Here again is a chapter of history, perhaps more literary than political, recovered by the spade, and two admirable poems added to the anthologies of Greek poetry. Could one expect more from the excavator?

In other fields where the written records are weak or confused much more depends on archæological discovery. The present campaign in this island to investigate the state of Britain in the periods just before and after the Roman conquest is a well-thought-out attempt to provide historical information where the written history fails us. Before Julius Cæsar made his first raid on our shores the native Britons lived in no little luxury in well-organized petty princedoms. Greek historians and geographers have left us some few accounts of our ancestors, but they are sketchy in the extreme. After the Romans left us, Britain faded away into a Dark Age that was perhaps darker than any other in history. We know almost nothing of what happened between 500 and 700 A.D., and the available historians are as illiterate as they are unreliable.

What we want to know is whether the pre-Roman Britons were really savâges painted with woad, as Mrs. Markham's *History of England* would have us believe, or whether they were a chivalrous and aristocratic society, highly organized and deeply influenced by foreign cultures, as their remains would indicate. Excavations at sites like Colchester and Maiden Castle are now revealing the truth. The pre-Roman Britons may not have lived like Romans, but they certainly did not live like Hottentots. The post-Roman Britons, on the other hand, appear to have lived in a revived barbaric splendour in which traditions of their pre-Roman ancestors, long dormant, had begun to revive. These are new chapters of history which consist of archæological enlargement on very bare themes recorded imperfectly in written records.

The increased popularity of archæology is evident on all sides. The number of people who attended the purely archæological exhibition recently held at Burlington House, to illustrate the activities of the British School at Athens, far exceeded the expectations of the organizers. Provincial archæological societies

are nowadays prosperous as they have never been before, and hosts of young enthusiasts are ready to help all excavators. There are the professional archæologists working hand in hand with the amateurs. But neither must expect too much. The professionals must not expect that the amateur will be content with mere catalogues and reports written in pure jargon, and the amateurs must not expect that the professionals are prepared to launch vast assumptions which their evidence will not sustain. The perpetual cry of "Show more boldness and more imagination" is a demand which must not and should not be made. It is like asking a doctor to give a precise diagnosis when he knows that he must suspend judgment. No one is more welcome into the professional archæological fold than the judicious and well-trained amateur, and no one is more unwelcome than the irresponsible enthusiast who brings the whole study into disrepute. The study of archæology is illuminated by the contributions of pure amateurs. Schliemann, who laid the foundations of prehistoric Greek archæology, was in all senses an untrained amateur. Almost the whole of Palæolithic archæology was first organized by amateurs. Central American archæology was mainly begun by Maudsley, himself an amateur, and today much first-rate work is in amateur hands. But when the amateur seeks to step out ahead of the professionals and play a lone hand he will, in nine cases out of ten, lose the game with disaster. For in no other study is international co-operation so absolutely essential as in archæology. Every step you take must be based on comparisons and research which concern the work of others. A historian, like Gibbon, can play a magnificent lone hand with prodigious success, but only because he can draw from the researches of others. Even so, his main outlook may prove to be wrong. Few Byzantine historians today would support Gibbon's general view as to the character of the Byzantine empire. Gibbon worked too much in the study and too little in collaboration with others, and the material remains of Byzantium meant nothing to him. Today the archæologist and student of art can re-write his history in another vein. So that even the greatest historians can miscalculate if their work is not checked by the discoveries of archæology.

CHANGING OXFORD

BY PROFESSOR ERNEST BARKER

THE title suggests physical change ; but that is not the theme. No doubt there has been a great deal of such change.

I seem to remember, when I first went up to Oxford, over forty years ago, our still wearing (at any rate on Sundays) tail coats and hard hats. There were no motor cars, but we were beginning to ride bicycles ; and my bicycle had a habit of getting into the tram-rails, on which the old horse-trams slowly jolted along, and throwing me suddenly off. North Oxford, where our dons, in their newly acquired married state, were beginning to reside, was still a fairly small suburb : women students were still rare, and a dashing Blue might occasionally deposit a bunch of violets in a lecture room before the seat of one of the most famous of the rarities. There was already, I think, a golf course in the quiet fields of Cowley (*quantum mutati ab illis*) ; but my own diversions were walks, late on summer nights, to see the glow-worms or to hear the nightingales on the edge of Bagley Wood, or to follow the track of the scholar gipsy by one of the Hinkseys and up past Childersley Farm. They were innocent diversions ; and my companion, a Balliol man, like myself, of whom I always thought as a young Hippolytus

(σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου

λειμώνος, ὃ δέσποινα κοσμήσας φέρω)

is gone.

Today it is a very different place. Life roars along its streets ; North Oxford stretches northward for miles ; Headington, and the parts beyond Headington, are bare ruined choirs, set about with houses : there are no quiet fields in Cowley ; and perhaps the nightingales are silent, and the glow-worms are extinguished. Oxford lies on the great routes of motor transport :

it is a great place for the building of motor vehicles : it is a hub of our motor age. Our Oxford poet was already exclaiming, in 1914,

How shall wretches live like us
Cincti Bis Motoribus ?
Domine, defende nos
Contra hos Motores Bos !

His prayer was in vain : no mop could exclude the tides of the genius of Lord Nuffield ; and even if Lord Nuffield had never existed (which would have been a sad tragedy for the University of Oxford) the City of Oxford would still be—what it now is—a posting-house on the routes of motor transport, a centre of commerce, and a nest of desirable suburban residences.

I am told that the accounts of the Colleges and the University are now small beer in the vaults of the Old Bank in High Street. The ports and the clarets which mature there are the commercial accounts. If we take money as our index (and it is an easy index to take), we may fear that the University has been submerged. But perhaps the truth is the opposite ; or at any rate, if not the opposite, it lies at a different angle. I am inclined to suspect that the moans about submerged Oxford (with the relentless tides of traffic roaring over her battered head) are only an elegiac lament over an Oxford of the imagination. The real Oxford, I fancy, has risen higher on the tide, and has acquired a new vigour and motion. Our old universities were once set in green and quiet rural towns. It was a source of strength—they could meditate and contemplate the Universe : it was also a source of weakness—they were cut off from the tides of life. Oxford, for good and for evil, has been swung into the tide. Her teachers and her students have life at their very doors. They may be distracted by its clamour. That is the possible evil. They may also be invigorated by its pulse. That is the possible good.

Does the geographical background of a university affect its character and its life ? Our two old universities both justly claim to be national universities. So far as their students and staff are concerned, they are hewn from no particular rock, and they show no particular colour or grain. It was not always so. There was a time when Oxford was the University of the

West, and Cambridge the University of the East. (The dividing line which separates Western England from Eastern is perhaps spiritually no less important, or even more important, than that which separates Northern England from Southern.) In the seventeenth century Clarendon and Locke, in their different ways, were types of the one : Cromwell and Newton, again in their different ways, were types of the other.

There was a value in this difference, because it was the difference of complements and correctives. Perhaps difference still survives ; but it survives in an altered form. Cambridge, on the edge of the fenland, still sees " the unalterable law " that moves in the open skies and over the tilled flat earth. She is still the home of the science of nature's rules. Oxford has another genius, less exact but more multiform. It is a genius of which we may say (as Aristotle said of the thought of Socrates, in the *Metaphysics*) that it " busies itself about ethical matters, neglecting nature as a whole, but seeking in its own matters to find the universal." In other words, we may say that Oxford, less near to immediate nature, finds its proper study in man, and seeks to construct a moral and political philosophy about him by the study of his thought and of the record of his action in time. Perhaps this genius and this quality have nothing to do with the West—though we may reflect that, of the two great moral and political philosophers of the seventeenth century, one came to Oxford from Wiltshire, and the other from Somerset. Perhaps they are due, in a more recent epoch, to those who founded the Oxford School of *Literæ Humaniores*, in the early years of the nineteenth century—whoever they may have been, and from whatever source they were drawn.

In any case, it may well be contended that the present changes in the city of Oxford—the increase of population, communications, commerce, and industry—have all helped to supply a fresh substance of " etnical matters " (if such matters can be called ethical), and to give a new edge to the practical and contemporary study of actual and contemporary man. . . . Not but what the man would be unwise—singularly unwise—who neglected the work and the achievement of the Economics Tripos in Cambridge. In comparison with the School of *Literæ Humaniores* it is new ; but it cuts deep and incisively. Yet it may be

said, even of that Economics Tripos, that it too sees (or seeks to see—for the object of vision is very elusive) “the army of unalterable law” duly arrayed in its own field of economic matters.

It would be a curious and interesting study to compare the sources from which Cambridge colleges recruit their students with those on which the Oxford colleges draw. It is merely a guess (and perhaps an erroneous guess) that Cambridge draws more on secondary schools and grammar schools, and Oxford more on what are called “public schools.” If there is any truth in the guess, the reason for the difference is perhaps to be found in the different distribution of studies in the two Universities. A comparative table, based on the figures for the year 1935-6, has set me thinking, and may be of interest to my readers. It is purely and solely intended to illustrate the difference between the two Universities: it is not intended to suggest (indeed it is difficult to see how it can suggest) any advantage in favour of either. So far as any moral can be drawn, it is the moral that the two Universities are happily different, and different in a way which still makes them complements to one another. Let me add that the numbers given relate only to undergraduate students, and do not include advanced or research students.

				Oxford		Cambridge	
				Numbers	Percentage of total	Numbers	Percentage of total
Classics (Moderations and <i>Litt. Hum.</i>)				595	14	340	6.4
History				874	20.4	696	13
Economics and Politics (Oxford “Modern Greats”)				460	11	262	5
Modern Languages				443	10.3	498	9.3
English				365	9	256	5
Law				404	9.5	459	9
Divinity				160	3.7	115	2.1
Mathematics				143	3.3	307	5.7
Natural Science and Medicine				512	12	1,198	22.4
Engineering				35	0.8	516	9.7
Ordinary Degree				116	2.7	264	5
Other Subjects				182	3.3	427	7.4
				4,289	100	5,338	100

Interesting as they are, these figures may be misleading. They

include both men and women students ; and Oxford has nearly 400 more women students than Cambridge, who naturally go to swell the number of Oxford students of what may be called " literary " subjects. Again in Oxford a student reads only for one final school ; in Cambridge many students take Part I of one Tripos, and Part II of another ; and this difference makes it difficult to classify Cambridge students as belonging specifically and particularly to one particular subject. Nor can the writer guarantee the exact accuracy of each number, or of each of the percentages. But with all reservations there is one conclusion which seems to emerge. Of the 4,300 students of Oxford over 2,700, or considerably more than half, are taking general " literary " subjects : about 560, or nearly one-eighth, are taking Law and Divinity ; and only about 700, or less than one-sixth, are taking subjects of pure or applied science. Indeed there are more students in the subject of History alone than in all the subjects of science. The University of Oxford, however it may be changing otherwise, is still a University of the arts ; of ethical matters and literary subjects ; of the thought, the history, and the languages of man.

There have been, indeed, a number of changes in the new Oxford which has established itself since the end of the war. The greatest is the new final school of philosophy, politics and economics (or, as it is called, " Modern Greats "), which was started some fifteen years ago. More recently there have been instituted new diplomas in public and social administration ; and a research committee has been founded to promote research in social studies. There has also been, in the last five years, nearly a doubling of the number of advanced students working for research degrees in the humane faculties. I imagine that a large number of these students are working on subjects of history, politics, and economics. Theology does not seem to engage as much attention as it did half a century ago. But at any rate Oxford is deeply occupied with the problems of " anthropology," in the old sense of that word.

Lord Nuffield's great benefaction—the most remarkable recorded in the history of English universities—may make a difference in the distribution and balance of studies in Oxford. A post-graduate school of medicine, receiving the tradition and

the glories of Linacre, Locke and Sydenham, may give a new impulse and direction to the study of nature. Physic and philosophy have been connected since the days of Hippocrates ; and Oxford may well become the happy ground of a renewing and deepening of their connection. But the post-graduate school of medicine is a national institution, placed indeed in Oxford for good and sufficient reasons, but perhaps likely to develop its own intense and intimate life, without necessarily affecting the general life of the University. On the other hand, it is also perhaps likely—and the more likely, the higher soars the flame of research in the new post-graduate school—that there may be unintended but deep results in the general study of biological science, and even of science at large. Medicine draws on many sciences—chemistry, physics, zoology, botany. Oxford has already a school of chemistry (and of the sciences more particularly allied to chemistry) which has won deserved respect. Of the 512 students of Natural Science and Medicine noted in the above table, 209 were students of Medicine and Physiology, and no fewer than 185 were students of chemistry. There is here a nucleus which may well feel the fructification of Lord Nuffield's gift.

Oxford has a long tradition of the service of the State, and of the preparation of men for that service. It is a tradition associated with the name of Jowett ; but it seems to me older than his day. It is as old as the School of *Literæ Humaniores* : it was reinforced, about 1850, by the School of Modern History (originally a school of Law and History), which has produced at least three of the members of the present Cabinet : it was still further reinforced, after the war, by the School of Modern Greats. New chairs of Colonial History, American History and International Relations, have corroborated the tradition ; there is a Gladstone Professor of Political Theory and Institutions, busy on concrete politics ; there is also a vigorous apparatus of undergraduate clubs, interested in imperial as well as domestic issues. It is all part of that mingled distraction and invigoration of which I have spoken.

One sometimes wonders whether the ferment is not too vigorous, and whether the new generation of Oxford undergraduates is not too much immersed in the concrete matters of

the present to remember adequately the need of what Aristotle called "finding the universal." The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, in his last annual speech to Convocation, uttered some wise words last October. "However true it is that our University exists to serve the world and the community in which we are set . . . it will cease to fulfil its function if it allows its inquiry or its teaching to be perverted by the purposes which it serves. . . . The belief in dispassionate inquiry and impartial knowledge has many enemies in the world today, and perhaps the most alarming fact about the perversion of university standards which we have seen happening elsewhere is that the change seems on the whole to have been welcomed rather than resisted by the younger generation. It looks as though it was going to be harder to hand on to the coming generations than it has been in the past the true faith of the University." Indeed public service, and concern about social and political issues, are of great and friendly service to youth. *Sed magis amica veritas.*

The growth of legal studies, and the growing prestige of professors and public teachers of law among the legal profession, which leads on to their exercising a greater influence on the formation of legal opinion, is a good sign of the times in Oxford—and also elsewhere. The study of law in our universities, largely owing to the peculiar strength of the legal profession in London, has tended in the past to be academic in the wrong sense—too much divorced from the actual forum and practice of the law. Here is a ground where practice and theory can only fructify one another; and it is comforting to be told that the opinion of the professor and public teacher is beginning to be reckoned with by the barrister and the judge.

One would dearly like to see something similar also happening in the great field of the study of divinity. There was a time when the counsels of the public teachers of theology in Oxford counted greatly in the life and affairs of the English Church. *Tempora mutantur.* The students of divinity are now less than four per cent. of the students of Oxford; and the teachers, whatever their eminence, seem to be left high and dry. This is a matter for the Church at large rather than for Oxford and her sister Universities. One cannot but feel that the Church could do much to help the Universities—and itself. Is it a good thing

that the teaching of the future clergy should run so much into theological colleges, with their particular brands and colours of opinion? Is not the University, with its general life and its standards of "dispassionate inquiry and impartial knowledge," the right place for the training of the clergy? Is not a flourishing university school of divinity, linked with the thought and the action of the Church (I should prefer to say "the Churches"), a necessity for the Church, or the Churches, no less than for the University?

If I speak last of the position of women in changing Oxford, it is only because I believe that the number of the women students (who are more than one to five men in Oxford, as compared with less than one to ten in Cambridge), and their full admission to all the rights and privileges of the University, have exercised no very appreciable effect and produced no particular change. The number of women students at Oxford, as I have already said, helps to swell the preponderance of "arts" subjects; but perhaps it may also be said that the preponderance of such subjects has helped to attract the greater number of women students. As I see the matter, the women have affected the men, and the University at large, far less than they have been affected by them. The women's colleges have become copies (too faithful copies, I cannot but feel) of the men's colleges: the women's curriculum is simply that of the men. I am enough of a feminist (though of that sort which is rejected with indignation by my women colleagues) to feel that women students are *sui generis*. I have never abandoned an old dream that some day there will be women's colleges which are *sui generis*, and that there will also be (as their necessary home) a women's University which follows lines of its own. I have seen the thing in the United States; and I have admired what I have seen.

Not that I would undo what has already been done for women students in Oxford and (to a less extent) in Cambridge. *Factum valet*. But it is not enough. Someday, somewhere—long after I am gone, and in a place I cannot guess—the women of our nation will have a university of their own, with colleges of its own. If I were living then, I should be proud to be a professor there . . . if I were good enough (which I doubt) to teach what was needed there, in the way in which it was needed. I should

even be willing (that would be an easier job, and one quite proper, according to my American experience, for a man) to be the head of a college, or even Vice-Chancellor.

σύν τε δὺ ἔρχομένῳ καί τε πρὸ δ τοῦ ἐνόησεν.

With my wife at my side (and I should stipulate for her being there) I should not go far wrong. . . . And I have daughters of my own.

* * *

But I doubt, on reflection, whether there would be colleges in the new women's University. I am not sure that the collegiate life leaves women enough initiative and independence. And these are the qualities which are the very root and essential purpose of a good university life.

WINTER JOURNEY

BY ERIC LINKLATER

WINTER travel in the outer parts of Scotland retains a certain flavour of adventure—the small beer of adventure—and the traveller should have a good circulation. In the Highlands there is sure to be snow ; on the Atlantic side there will likely be recurring gales ; and on the East Coast, it is probable, there will be stormy weather with frequent hail and sleet. The traveller whose circulation is healthy and whose habits are reasonably active will find in this stirring climate a marvellous exhilaration, more especially if his journey be on the west of Scotland, where the wind breathes, or roars, with the enormous vitality of the Atlantic ; but should his blood be sluggish and his disposition sedentary, he will be aware only of misery and discomfort.

It was late in November—November of 1936, a year notable above the average for the frequency and force of its bad weather—that I resolved to pay my third visit to the island of Barra. It is an enchanting island, but till recently it was difficult of access. One had to go by rail or road to Oban, sleep some part of the night there, and, when sleep was deepest and most grateful, rise unwillingly to catch the boat ; which left at six o'clock. In June the sun would have cleared the mountain tops and be gilding the rough sides of Mull, to raise one's spirits and awaken appetite ; but beyond the point of Ardnamurchan there might be, even in June, a boisterous sea to take it away again. To Barra, that jewel of an island, dangling on the string of the Outer Hebrides, was a voyage of nearly twelve unpredictable hours. It was a redoubtable journey at any time of the year, but to make it in winter, unless one had very good reason, might throw doubt on one's sanity. Until the aeroplanes came, that is. The conquest of the air has made a marvellous difference to the islands of Scotland, and brought down many of the difficulties of

travelling to vanishing point. I would go to Barra for a long week-end, I said proudly ; and forgot that winter was older than flying-machines, older even than ships.

The aeroplanes that serve the Western Isles have their home in Renfrew, and Renfrew, at ten o'clock in the morning, lay in a sullen twilight. Wisps of fog floated across the aerodrome like weeds in a pool, and the circumference of the pool was the dreary and apparently endless mist. But three minutes after leaving the ground we came curiously into broken air, into clouds that were charging us like snowy mammoths ; and on their shoulders were gleams of light. Then we surprised the sun, and caught him naked in the sky.

The earth was nowhere to be seen. It was hidden by a huge coverlet of clouds, dirty enough on their undersides, but so glorious above that to be immaculate would seem the chiefest joy. As far as vision could reach were these candid valleys and silvery heights, this shining and mountainous land of vapour that looked solid as the Alps, and was more soft than wool and as white as snow. This was the sun's domain, immense and beautiful and strictly private ; but we were delighted trespassers.

Then to the north and north-west we saw clouds of a new kind, as white as the others but more carefully drawn, with arrowy heads and sides like the flaky edge of a flint. These were the snow-clad hills of Scotland, as tall in the sky as we were, and disputing with the clouds for loveliness. Here the clouds were less dense, so that looking down, as though through an alpine chasm, we could see the slate-blue water of a narrow loch and the pale green fields of a little valley. Ben Nevis stood over Scotland like the frozen blade of a Lochaber axe, and beneath us the slim island of Lismore was swimming like a trout into the ruffled waters of Loch Linnhe. Then we turned westwards over the Sound of Mull, and suddenly we had left the sun's calm cloudland and were in brawling boisterous weather.

Above the Sound—which is a deep and narrow gulf between Morvern and Mull—we fluttered like a wind-blown leaf ; but with every slip and lurch one felt the stability of the aeroplane as though it were a boat heeling to a squall and luffing-up again. We came to the open sea, and here we flew low, because the upper wind was strong and contrary ; and the sea, so near beneath us,

was angry as the dragon-teeming waves of a Japanese drawing.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour there was nothing to be seen ahead but the dim horizon. Then faintly there rose some little shadows, that slowly took a more certain shape, a seeming of solidity, a bold high-rearing aspect ; and I recognized the rugged lines of Berneray and Mingulay, the southernmost islands, and Ben Heaval, the high hill of Barra. I looked at my watch as we crossed the coastline—ragged as an old comb—and circled over the huge white beach, which is Barra's natural aerodrome, and came gently down upon the cockle-shell crunching sand : it was an hour and thirty-five minutes since we had left Renfrew. The aeroplane was a very useful and agreeable invention, I decided ; and complacently I said to myself, " In four days' time I shall return to Renfrew with equal ease and celerity."

There was a freshness in the air like the brisk and delicate flavour of spring, and the pale bright hues of the island might have misled a careless traveller—one who had long lost his calendar—into thinking the year had already turned. But the illusion of spring did not last, for in the late afternoon the night came heavily down, and the long darkness wore the livery of winter.

The island of Barra is dark in hue, mountainous, and rocky. On the east side the coast is much indented, and on the west there are long white strands. From the north-west corner stretches a neck of land, green with benty grass between mile-long beaches, to a spade-shaped peninsula called Eoligaray. This is high-pitched and bright green in colour. To the north is a treacherous but lovely sound, studded with many small islands, and beyond that the high dark land of South Uist. The eye is never wearied, for when it turns westward there is the wide immensity of the Atlantic, and when it turns inland there is Highland scenery miniaturized in twenty rocky shapes ; look to the north, and there is a tall archipelago in a peacock sea, and look inward to your heart, and there is the knowledge that beauty is worth all other things.

I live in Orkney, and for the islands of Orkney I have as deep a love as anyone may have for the land of his fathers ; but I never go to Barra without committing a kind of spiritual adultery. The difference between them is the difference between prose and poetry. Orkney is prose—the best of prose, with all its

variations of rhythm and its sturdy utility—but Barra lives in perpetual music and breathes a magic air. My four days of intended holiday had been no longer than a sonnet when I packed my suitcase and waited for the returning aeroplane.

But no aeroplane came, for the mainland was lost in darkness. From Glasgow to the south of England there was a brown impenetrable fog, and all the aeroplanes sat still as hooded falcons. I stayed in Barra for another four days, waiting till the fog should rise from Glasgow and let the aeroplanes go free. But in Barra we had springtime weather, and at night a full moon silvered ten thousand ripples on the full-moon tide that flooded the Cockle Strand.

Then I said I could wait no longer, and I would go back by ship, in the older and more certain way. But that night the gales began. They came with all the weight of winter and the Atlantic behind them. They thundered on the solid roof as though it were the skin of a gigantic drum. They lifted the surface of the sea in great curtains of spray and flung it cliff-high, and over the cliffs, and far inshore, and the heather grew salt as seaweed. They lifted the sand from the long beaches—the air was prickly with sand—and drove it through window-frames and the joints of the doors. To walk face-forward into the gale was like forcing your way up a swollen breast-high mountain torrent, while the wind poured chokingly into your lungs, and played the British Grenadiers on your ear-drums. But to walk before the wind was to be bowled along like an old hat on a gusty pavement.

So I stayed in Barra for another four days, because no ship could cross the Minch and come into the difficult harbour of Castlebay in such hurricane weather.

In many houses it would be embarrassing, both to guest and host, if the intended duration of a visit were multiplied by three. But I was staying with Compton Mackenzie, whose hospitality is that of the west and the north and all far islands—that is to say, free, generous, and untroubled—and whose conversation is more various than the table-talk of twenty dinner-parties. He was writing a life of Pericles, and Athenian gossip played musical chairs with the gossip of island visitors. Capri and the Edwardian theatre; Norman Douglas and water-gardens

and London in the Eighteenth Century ; the Ægean in 1917 and the excellent prose style of the Admiralty pilot-books—these were topics, I remember, that appeared in a single evening. But sometimes the evenings were long ; more than once they lasted till four o'clock in the morning.

Also, while the wind beat upon the roof, I read in long galley-proofs the first volume of a great novel called *The Four Winds of Love*. I bore no grudge against the storms and the fog that had kept me in Barra.

At last, in the darkness of a cold wet night, I went aboard the island steamer, and we crossed the Minch with a following sea and a lurching jovial movement. At Oban it was raining, a ponderous unremitting drenching rain, that bounced on the black roads. I wanted to go to Inverness, and from there fly north to Orkney. There is no railway between Oban and Inverness, but I hoped there would be a bus. The daily bus had gone, however, so I had to go to Glasgow, and after spending a night there, take the train.

At the station the Glasgow evening papers were on sale, and there seemed to be an uncommonly large demand for them. A quietly resolute and ever-increasing company of Obanians—Obaners or Obanese, perhaps—was proffering its pennies and reaching for *News* or *Citizen*. I got one myself, and read in large black letters across the top of the page, KING WANTS TO MARRY MRS. SIMPSON. So the news came to Oban, and the people, with admirable self-control, took their papers without batting an eyelid or murmur of surprise. Nor did they stand under the station lamps to read the story there and then, but folded their *Citizen* or *News* and took them home to study in decent quietude. Football results or shinty news would have been discussed loudly and on the spot ; but Highland behaviour is governed by a very just and delicate instinct.

In Glasgow I was told there had been another gale warning for all coasts, and snow was falling heavily in the north. There seemed little chance of being able to fly to Orkney in the morning, so I accepted an invitation to spend the next day in Glasgow, and go slumming. It was rather a challenge than an invitation, for among the several people who had supper with me were two young men—one a cheerful and good-natured Communist,

the other a humorous and semi-acrobatic dancer—who said I was shamefully ignorant of Glasgow, and it was my duty to learn something about it. I went slumming, therefore, and spent the morning in stinking tenements, among poverty so dire that it could furnish but a single room with rags and pieces, and eat but one meal in the day. The floors of the dirty little rooms were rotten, the walls crumbling, and bugs infested them. What the people's meals were like I dare not think, for later I spent some time in butchers' shops in the neighbourhood, and half the meat they sold was carrion. There is much talk of gangsters in Glasgow, of the menace to the City's peace of organized hooliganism; but the gangsters and the hooligans, being half-starved from infancy, do not grow much taller than five feet, and I cannot think they are very dangerous. Were I compelled to live in the Gallowgate I would use a weapon more dangerous than razors or a cosh, and that is petrol. There would be a Great Fire of Glasgow, and a very good thing too. But the slum-dwellers are too listless to think of that, and my Communist friend would probably be shocked by the idea; for Communism is so drearily rational.

It was in something like the discomfort of the slums that I resumed my journey to Inverness. The train left at half-past four in the morning, and that is an ugly hour to wake and smell the acrid perfumes of a railway station. The train was cold; it stopped for tedious long periods at unknown halts, and daylight came reluctantly. We climbed slowly through the Central Highlands, and the darkness was broken by the grey light of falling snow. There were fir trees, dark on one side, white on the other. The hills were roughly blanketed with snow, and the stormy air was full of it. My spirits, low already, sank like mercury in an arctic thermometer, for there seemed little chance of flying in weather like that.

But suddenly, half-an-hour from Inverness, we came into bright sunshine and the glory of a winter landscape all white and cut by steel-blue firths. My spirits rose again, a June thermometer now, and most cheerfully I thought, I shall be in Orkney in ninety minutes. But the pilot looked grim when he got his weather report. There was heavy snow at Wick, it would be impossible to land there, and in the farther north

conditions were still worse. He was sorry, but it would be useless to start, for we would only have to come back.

The train again, I decided, and hurried to catch it. It left in ten minutes' time. I would get as far as Thurso, and the next day I could either fly or take the little mail-steamer, the *St. Ola*. One or other would surely be able to cross.

And then—we were somewhere between Beaully and Muir of Ord—I remembered it was Saturday; and the ship and the plane neither went to sea nor took the air on a Sunday. I was doomed to a week-end in Thurso; and though I would not say a word against Thurso, it has little of that gaiety which, in other places, makes the week-end more delectable than the week's middle. It is a very good place to stay in if one is fond of fishing; but this was not the proper season for fishing, and a Presbyterian Sabbath is, in any case, a kind of omniscient and sempiternal close season. I did not look forward with any pleasure to a week-end in Thurso.

I had, moreover, as we steamed leisurely northwards—the Highland Railway is scarcely quicker than a stage-coach—the uncomfortable feeling that the pilot had made a fool of me. The day was brilliantly fine, the air a pale and cloudless sapphire. That lovely and half-desolate land of Cromarty and Sutherland was a miracle of loveliness, and the sea, in long ruffled firths, came gently into snow-white valleys. It was a perfect day, flawless on earth and flawless in the heights. And then we saw the storm.

The outermost part of it was a belt of darkness that lay on the boundary between Sutherland and Caithness. It seemed as though a segment of night had never lifted. One heard the noise of the train more clearly, as one does at night, and a furious rain assaulted the rattling windows. This darkness endured for several minutes, and beyond it was a twilit wilderness of raging snow. The whole sky was an agony of conflicting winds and the whirling leaves of some stript and frozen forest. It was a scene that chilled the blood, not with snow, but with primal fear of the warring sky. Here was Winter the Murderer, and the white-hooded winds were his cold assassins.

Darkness, whether of night or the storm, lay upon Thurso, and there fell from heaven discoloured snow, black rain, and

some sleety distillation of malignant icebergs. The streets were a foot deep in slush. Every gutter was a running brook, each confluence of gutters a spreading mere. I wanted to send a telegram, but throughout the Highlands and the Islands the wires were down, blown by the wind and snapped by frost; and communication was reduced to the range of one's voice.

On Sunday, there being little improvement in the weather, I stayed most of the day in bed, and read in two sixpenny volumes that work of easy and graceful genius, the *Autobiography of Margot Asquith*; which is, perhaps, the best autobiography since Cellini's, and, I take it, more truthful. Sunday passed more quickly than I had expected, and Monday arrived with a watery sun to promise safe conduct to Orkney.

Change and contrast are the characteristics of northern weather. Every storm is a hurricane, and rain is black beyond belief; but come fine weather and you would think the hills and the islands were carved of many jewels, and the clear sky will lift you to your feet with a shout of joy, and all the clouds are mother-of-pearl. If you want the assurance of heat and a bright sun you must go to California, or somewhere nearly as far; but if you can relish a climate that is alternately a giant's robe, a beggar's rags, and the plumes of a Bird of Paradise, then buy stout boots and come to Scotland.

I stumbled along a frozen, ice-roughened road and looked north over the Pictland Firth to the great island of Hoy. I had often seen it as black as peat, as red as clover, and in the early morning the colour of a pigeon's breast. But now, beyond the dark sea, it was all unbroken white. It lay on the horizon like a white lion *couchant*, like a watch-dog for the hard-weather islands beyond, and the sky above it was the soft and faded blue of an old battle-flag.

Later in the day I went aboard the *St. Ola*, the little mail-steamer, and presently we were rolling along with a good tide under us, bowling along with a stiff breeze behind. We had three telegraph-linesmen aboard, who were going to repair the wires where they had been blown down in the high parts of Hoy. That would be cold work, I said. Cold for little fish-hooks, said one of them, using the old sailors' phrase, and blew, proleptic, on his mittened fingers. In Scapa Bay, in darkness

and a rising wind, they put their gear and themselves aboard a smaller ship, that would take them to Hoy, and I set out on the last stage of my journey. I still had fifteen miles to go.

The road was villainous with icy ruts and drifted snow, and here and there the fallen telegraph wires lay in great coils or hung upon the dykes in wide ungainly loops. We lurched and slithered, but I did not care much though the car should go into the ditch, for I could walk the rest of the way. Though half the sky was dark enough, the north was lighted by the long stiff petals of a flower that was rooted at the Pole. The Northern Lights were up, the Merry Dancers were afoot.

LEFT WING DISCONTENTS

BY D. W. BROGAN

IT is difficult now to recall the days when it was assumed that an independent Labour victory was inevitable and near, yet the basis of the calculation was simple. The Labour Party was bound to be reinforced by all sorts of discontents as the ills of the capitalist system were more widely felt ; it had a remedy for those ills ; its rivals had only palliatives. The majority of the population was "working class ;" it could be won over to see its own interests—and there you were. The only immediate obstacle was the survival of that galvanized corpse the Liberal Party, which was "dividing the progressive vote ;" once the corpse had been reduced to acting dead, as well as being dead, its assets could be taken over by the natural heir. Then power would be in Socialist hands. Hadn't there been a Liberal government before the war dependent for its majority in Britain on the small Labour Party ? Wasn't the new Labour Party more formidable than the Liberals had been ? Hadn't its victories in London and Birmingham (hostile to the Liberals since 1886) shown that it had assets the old Liberal Party never owned ? So the argument ran, and I can well remember the sad prognostications of a Liberal friend of mine who used to say : "What frightens me about the Labour people is the way they underestimate the Tories ; we have fought them long enough to know how formidable they are ; these amateurs don't."

They do now ; since the armistice, predominantly Tory governments have ruled for all but three years ; the great inevitable sweep of Labour triumph has failed to come off. Politically, for whatever reasons, the Labour Party has failed to do its job, and whereas the destruction of the Liberal Party was the main political task of the Party in the hopeful years from 1918 to 1929, now the salvaging of the Liberal Party is the chief hope of the Opposition, for it has come to be realized that there were

more claimants than one for the assets of the party of Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman, and that the Conservatives (in various guises) have got most of them. The day of the purist is over; the day of the practical politician with an eye on the majority has dawned, and getting a majority involves making friends where they can be found and being content with a good deal less than a mandate to socialize Britain over-night.

Almost equally potent in inducing this change of front, if not of heart, among many once rigid Socialists has been the lead given from Moscow. However much the orthodox Labourist may dislike the local Communists who pester him (and he often has good reason for his dislike) he has a sneaking respect for the one country in which Socialism has got from the agenda of congresses into the factory. And Moscow has shown a willingness to co-operate with bourgeois parties that makes the more than levitical purity of some Labourists seem silly. If the French Socialists and Communists can ally themselves with the French Radicals, why should not the Labour Party ally itself with the corresponding forces in Britain? Why not, provided that there are corresponding forces in Britain and a situation justifying their union?

At the moment it is doubtful whether either the forces or the situation exists. The basis of the French *Front Populaire* is the existence of *le peuple*; that is, the existence of a majority of Frenchmen whose natural reaction, unintelligent if you like but spontaneous, is to vote (and fight) against "reaction." There is no such dominant tradition in England. The English working man is sturdy, far less malleable than many propagandists imagine, but he has no revolutionary tradition. He does not automatically suspect nice people; the French peasant or worker reacts at once against any lead given by the *gens bien*. The English worker has to fight against a traditional bias to trust his betters. There is a story of a Socialist Congress before the war in which Bebel lectured Jaurès on the bad organization and doctrinal feebleness of the French Socialists, and Jaurès, admitting the charges, replied, "But you have not died upon the barricades." No more has the English working man. There is a big difference between the tradition of the Tolpuddle Martyrs and the tradition of the *mur des fédérés*.

The French people's front was a recognition, by the politicians, of an existing fact, the fact that the Frenchman in the street didn't want Fascism, didn't want deflation and told his agents, the various political parties and leaders, that they had better take steps to see that these menaces to the conquests of the revolution were ended. History, the memory of the "great days" rose up as a barrier to Colonel de la Rocque; the fact that he was a count, a gentleman, a descendant of *émigrés*, were handicaps to a French Fascist leader. In England, the fact that the Fascist leader is a baronet is a help—and the fact that he is a member of the family mainly responsible for the Peterloo massacre is known to few and of no account.

Then the French Popular Front is fairly united on a question of the utmost importance at the moment, the question of peace and war, internally and externally. Traditionally, the left-wing parties in France are anti-militarist; since the evaporation of clericalism as an active issue hostility to militarism and to what the Americans call "patrioteering" has been one of the bonds linking together all the Left. But that anti-militarism is not pacifist in our sense. Pacifism in the English sense seems to be very rare in countries whose religious traditions are Catholic. G. K. Chesterton put the difference clearly when he invented the English Quaker who had a long and fruitful correspondence with some French pacifists which broke down when he discovered that their recipe for peace was to arrange for the rank and file to shoot their officers. But the difference is not confined to Quakers. To persons who took Fascism seriously, one of the most revealing and ominous acts of the 1929 Labour Government was its abolition of government aid for the cadet corps and its continuance of aid to the O.T.C. The boys of the working and lower middle-classes were not to be corrupted by militarism; their "class enemies" were to be trained in these disgusting arts, and serve them right. As the song says:

You may wreck the middle-classes
With your wicked demi-tasses,
But heaven will protect the working girl!

But doubts have begun to spread. If Fascism is a real danger is it wise to ensure that when the fight comes all the military skill

will be on one side? It is too often forgotten that much of the moderation and desire for conciliation displayed in Britain and other countries by the possessing classes after the armistice was due to apprehension as to what might happen if it came to push of pike—with millions of proletarians trained in handling the modern equivalents of pikes. As time has passed, that fear has passed too; but not in France, where military training has been given to a population hostile to Fascism and with few pacifist inhibitions.

In England, however, the pacifist attitude, political Quakerism, is still strong in the Labour Party; the heirs of the conscientious objectors of the late war are powerful and, in consequence the party has given no definite lead on peace and war; on armaments and foreign policy. It is possible that complete pacifism is the answer to the whole problem. Messrs. Huxley and Russell may be right, but it is certain that they are not making converts fast enough to avoid disaster if the left-wing parties ever have to fight at home or abroad, for the majority of the Labour Party are unregenerate enough to want to fight when pushed to it. All that the present policy ensures is that they will fight at the maximum of disadvantage, that they will be the men in the shirts against the men armed—if one may recall to the modern heirs of the Roundheads words of wisdom from Oliver Cromwell. How far the old Adam is from death even in left-wing hearts can be seen by the admiration evoked by the action of the volunteers who have gone to defend Madrid. The I.L.P. and the Communist Party will both gain and deserve to gain credit for their grasp of the obvious truth that if you really believe that democracy is fighting in its last ditch before Madrid, there is something to be said for getting into the ditch. So Ralph Fox may do far more to win support for the Communist Party dead than he did alive. And the Communist Party and the I.L.P., hitherto negligible in the country at large, may grow formidable if their militant action continues to evoke enthusiasm in breasts that the official Labour rhetoric (however statesman-like) leaves cold. The rulers of the Labour Party might ponder on the fate of an even more thoroughly organized body, the old Irish Parliamentary Party. What argument and oratory, the dialectics of Arthur Griffith and the life of Patrick Pearse

failed to do, was done by the British firing parties after Easter Week. The Irish people went over to the representatives of the men who "died for Ireland."

If it is important to get the National Government out (and if it is not important the whole case for a People's Front or a Labour Party falls to the ground) the present rulers of the Labour Party will have to tap sources of popular strength that at the moment they neglect. They will have to persuade many doubters that it matters very much who is in power at Westminster. The two previous experiences of Labour Government did not do much to convince the doubters that it did matter much. The Labour Party has failed to convert the majority of the English people to Socialism (it has not altogether converted itself), and a People's Front means a realization that something less than "Socialism in our time" may be worth having and that political questions are not negligible.

In short, it must be privately admitted that the much despised Liberals were not altogether wrong when they insisted on both these truths. It matters whether the future of the Distressed Areas is left to Mr. Chamberlain or to someone with a less sacred regard for the independence of private industry from government control (of course, this only applies when industry is asked to give, not to receive). It matters whether the Foreign Office is in hands that tremble at the thought of more expropriation of nice people, in hands that are far more willing to placate the Germany of Herr Hitler (has he not banned lip-stick?) than they ever were to placate the Germany of Weimar. In short, *politique d'abord*. The lesson that it is better to be on the winning than on the losing side in the next few critical years has been learned in Moscow; it might be learned in London. If it is learned there will be less readiness to sneer at the misguided Americans who voted for Mr. Roosevelt instead of creating a party on the model of the British Labour Party, that nonpareil for success and revolutionary fervour. In short, it is to be feared that a good many of the axioms of the last ten years will have to be put into cold-storage

Above all, there will need to be agreement on a minimum policy, especially in the field of foreign affairs, for the man and woman in the street is increasingly preoccupied with the fear of

war. He is less bothered by the thought of the Bank of England in private hands than he is by the horror of the air. Is the Labour Party ready to fight at all? If it is, what is it ready to fight for? Is it wise to support government rearming with no better assurance than the battered word of Mr. Baldwin that it will not be used in the old nationalist and imperialist way? Is it possible to refuse support to rearmament which everyone knows to be a result of German activities, and yet to detest publicly the government of Germany?

The old-fashioned Liberals got some credit by undertaking and succeeding in the task of giving the country better defence for less money than the Tories, with their tenderness for military vested interests, could offer. The Labour Party might begin looking for a Haldane and, if it cannot bring itself to do that, to examine, realistically, the chances of a general acceptance of non-resistance. With the rising cost of living, the economic policy of the National Government, the ingenious transfer of taxation on to working class shoulders is vulnerable enough. There is ammunition in some of the speeches of that forgotten politician, Mr. Asquith. In an age when even Tories hesitate to fight for Togoland the dangers of an economic policy of imperialism that make an honest reply to German claims impossible for the present government might be stressed.

In short, the old-fashioned Radicalism of Campbell-Bannerman might be given a trial; and something like it might be the basis of a People's Front. C.-B. did not think that the forms of government were things that, like halitosis, your best friends never mentioned. We can hardly doubt that the old Radicals would prefer Stalin to Hitler (though they would not worship Stalin) and the old Radicals, even in the social field, got quite a lot done (for example, they secured for the trade unions a legal position that the Labour Party was unable to save for them or to restore when lost). There is only one obstacle to this programme; the old Radicals are dead or disgruntled or nationalized. For the alienation of the powerful sections of opinion that were the backbone of the Radicals the Labour Party is largely to blame.

But there is no use crying over spilt milk; the achievements of the pre-war Liberal Government may be too lofty and dazzling a mark for a new Radical Party (or alliance) to aim at. The

Left will have to be content with less ; it will have to admit with M. Blum that there is no immediate chance of the overthrow of capitalism by force or law. The immediate task is the salvaging of democracy and of the democratic attitude. The weakness and irresolution of Mr. Baldwin's foreign policy endanger both, at home and abroad. This is appreciated (for mixed motives) in Paris and Moscow, in Prague and Washington. To persuade the British public of this truth is the main task of the Labour Party.

The British public will need a lot of persuading—not that it trusts Mr. Baldwin so much, but that it does not trust the Labour policy at all (not having any idea of what it is). A People's Front on the French model is probably impossible. But some kind of a substitute could be found if there were a united Labour Party, recognizing how misguided its doctrinaire optimism in the twelve years after the War was ; more modest in its aims and less anxious to provide a little of something for everybody ; a little pacifism mixed up with a little armaments, for instance. For it should be remembered that the Conservatives are on foreign policy not much more united, and though Tories can afford luxuries of disunion that are beyond the means of Liberals or Labourites, they cannot for ever postpone decisions. They might like to, but Herr Hitler will not let them.

In the meantime, the Communists, the I.L.P., and the Socialist League, old critics of the lack of energy of the official party, have formed their own united front and may win sympathy from many disgruntled Labourites. All these dissidents have in common a belief in the possibility of real changes in the present social system and also a belief that a real crisis is at hand. It is true that a junction or a close alliance of these bodies is a good deal short of being a true People's Front, since most of the people will be outside the organization or organizations that will embody the dissenters and the organizations are far from unity. On this comforting truth the official party may rely too much.

These bodies are not indeed likely, together or separately, to command such strength as will enable them to coerce the official Labour Party. But if the feeling of imminent crisis continues or grows and the official party shows no more signs of giving

or taking a lead than it has done so far, there may be a secession from the Labour Party that will free it from zealots and unpractical persons at the cost of freeing it from all real fighting force; that will leave it to its trade union and official party bureaucrats and end, for a long time, any hope of winning the type of young man and woman who must be won if the party is to awake from its coma. A Labour Party which is drained in this way will not be much of a nuisance to the National Government, and while it is true that the "left-wing People's Front" will be only an irritation to the ruling classes, the temptation to be an irritation is great when one is twenty and when the alternative is to be an echo. If the Labour Party can give no sign of unity, of life, of desire and of capacity to rule, the old practical arguments against the "extremists" will lose much of their force. Such a front cannot be a very potent body in contemporary England, but if its existence stimulates the Labour Party to activity and thought it may be the catalyst that precipitates some reaction of real importance.

There is a great deal of discontent in the rank and file of the Party as well as scepticism in the minds of many potential supporters to be eradicated. That discontent and that scepticism will not vanish over-night, but they would both diminish if the official Opposition showed more signs of being, or of wanting to be, an alternative government. More coherence and more courage on what must be the centre of any left-wing alliance is needed before any talk of a People's Front is likely to be more than talk. At the moment, even the attenuated armies of Messrs. Cripps, Maxton, and Gallacher show to advantage compared with the overgrown awkward squad that dozes at Westminster and squabbles at Edinburgh.

THE MENACE TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

DURING last month the International War in Spain, with Germany and Italy on one side and Soviet Russia and France more or less on the other, diverted general attention from the acute political situation in Central Europe, which, however, remains of the utmost importance, and must soon again come into prominence. Meanwhile, an opportunity is given for considering that situation, especially from the point of view of British fundamental interests.

Czechoslovakia is the central or pivotal State of Central Europe, geographically, politically, and strategically. A glance at the map is quite enough to prove her exposed position in relation to Germany. It shows that her territory, nowhere of great breadth, stretches for 600 miles from west to east—from South-Eastern Germany to North-Western Rumania, and forms a corridor into which Poland on the north and Austria and Hungary on the south have also entrances. As Austria has practically ceased to be the big “danger spot,” the possession, or at all events the use, of this corridor for political and military aims has become one of the greatest and most agitating questions of our time, and its solution is likely enough to be decisive of the fate of Europe.

For months Czechoslovakia has been subjected by Germany to a fierce campaign of propaganda, the object of which is the discrediting, particularly in English eyes, of the smaller State by holding it up as the outpost or sally-port of Soviet Russia, and therefore constituting an imminent menace to the Reich and Europe generally; the corridor is depicted as a place which has been turned to all intents and purposes into a Red corridor. This campaign started as far back as 1934, but was prosecuted with much more intensity after the conclusion on May 16, 1935, of the Czechoslovak-Soviet Pact of Mutual Assistance, which

was complementary to the similar pact of May 2 between France and the Soviet. Those treaties were entered into with the knowledge of the British Government, but as a large proportion of the British people remain suspicious of Moscow they were not received too well in England. Next followed the denunciation of "Locarno" by Germany, accompanied by allegations in the German Press that the mutual assistance pacts were merely instruments of an aggressive Bolshevik policy against Germany and the West.

Herr Hitler's severely controlled newspapers published the most extraordinary statements, almost all fictions, designed to show that Czechoslovakia was pursuing aims other than those of her own defence, the avowed object of the pact with Soviet Russia. Among these assertions were reports of the construction of military aerodromes in Slovakia for the air fleets of the Soviet, which were absolutely false*; so were the stories of the presence of considerable numbers of Red officers in the Czechoslovak Army, and the erection of big strategic obstacles in the country with the aid of Red engineers and in the interest of the Soviet's military power. On June 24, 1936, the *Neue Preussische Kreuzzeitung* illustrated the virulence of the German drive at Czechoslovakia when it said that schools had been established in that State for the training of Communist agitators, and that Prague was becoming a centre of Communist propaganda—all of which was untrue. This species of attack reached its height when Dr. Goebbels, one of the principal Ministers of the German Government, stated on September 10 at the Nazi Nuremberg Congress that Soviet aerodromes did exist in Czechoslovakia, though he could hardly help knowing that this had been categorically denied by the Czechoslovak Government and President Benesh himself.

Founded by the patriotic labours and nourished by the political genius of Masaryk and Benesh, both convinced democrats, Czechoslovakia had long enjoyed the confidence of Western

*Since this was written the British Government has accepted the invitation of the Czechoslovak Government to send an expert observer on a tour of inspection of the aerodromes and military centres of the country, in view of the German allegations; and this observer is to be the British Air Attaché in Prague.

Europe because of her sagacity, stability, and determination to maintain peace. While those unfounded charges were usually taken at their proper value in the West, the persistence with which they continued to be pressed by newspapers and by wireless inevitably produced some of the effect intended, not only in England, but also in the two other States of the Little Entente, Yugoslavia and Rumania, neither of which was in entire sympathy with the Czechoslovak view of Soviet Russia. The solidity of the Little Entente was, however, authoritatively demonstrated by the Bratislava Conference of the three States and the exchanges of visits on the part of their respective chiefs at Bucharest and Prague in the latter half of last year, though, as from the beginning of the Little Entente, each State retained its freedom of action *vis-à-vis* Moscow.

Another line of the German attack on Czechoslovakia was and is still based on the composition of her population, about three and a quarter millions of which are German, for the most part long-settled on her western frontiers in more or less compact bodies, with Czechs in between. This is the same as saying that Germans are found on both sides of the mountain arch of Europe formed by the Sudeten, Riesengebirge and Carpathian ranges in that area: an important fact from the military standpoint. Before Hitler attained power Nazism had appeared among some of the Germans in Czechoslovakia, and after he was Chancellor the Czechoslovak Government was compelled in 1933 to protect the country from his subversive activities by suppressing all Nazi organizations within it. But, of course, the Hitler leaven was not destroyed, and after various developments its working out was seen in the formation on October 1, 1934, of the *Sudetendeutsche Heimatfront*, under the leadership of Herr Konrad Henlein, and representing about two-thirds of the total German population; the remaining one-third is friendly to the Czechs and since 1926 has had two Ministers in the Government, and got a third in 1936.

It is now thought that the Henlein Party has lost some of its strength recently, but at the general election in May, 1935, it captured three-fifths of the German vote and became the largest political group, among the many groups, of Czechoslovakia. It professed its loyalty to the State, but is undoubtedly Hitlerite;

it is opposed to the Franco-Czechoslovak Alliance and the Czechoslovak-Soviet Pact of Mutual Assistance ; it is not democratic but essentially totalitarian, though it takes care to suppress or not to dwell on that fact when circumstances are unfavourable to its publication. When Henlein, on a visit to England in December, 1935, to secure British sympathy for the movement, delivered a speech at Chatham House he was at pains to assure the members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs that what he was most concerned about was the cultural unity of the Germans and the promotion of that unity. Avoiding politics, he declared that the Germans in the Sudeten lands and throughout Czechoslovakia form with the Germans in the Reich and everywhere throughout the world a single cultural society. In brief, the scope of the Party's work was presented plausibly as not only harmless politically, but as attractive and praiseworthy in itself.

During a visit to London in the early spring of last year Henlein set a different course. He pictured the Sudeten Germans as oppressed by the Czechs, who differentiated against them in all manner of practical ways, as, for example, by giving positions in the services, posts on the railways and so on, to Czechs when these should by rights have gone to Germans who were on the spot and whose sole disability lay in the fact that they were Germans. He pictured the acute economic distress from which the German districts were suffering as arising largely from this unfair discrimination. There was some truth in this statement, but lately the Czechoslovak Government has gone a long way to meet the demands of the Sudeten Germans respecting the filling of positions and posts from their ranks. With regard to the economic situation, however, taken as a whole, the truth is that the depression was due to the over-industrialization of that part of Czechoslovakia and the loss of the German market through the restriction of imports by the Reich itself.

In addition to stressing what he described as the unjust treatment of the German minority—the oppression of a national minority is usually a good card to play in England—Henlein put forward a plan by which at least the Sudeten Germans would be delivered from their bonds. This plan envisaged the federalization of Czechoslovakia, with the Sudeten districts forming one

of her States. Notwithstanding that it was plain enough that the creation of this State would have as its ultimate object the transference to Germany of this area, not a few people in England looked on the plan with favour, and even commended its prudence or wisdom. It was possible, of course, that Germany in the upshot would not find it necessary to annex the district, but be quite content with establishing her predominance there, with all the rest of Czechoslovakia as a consequence lying within her orbit and obedient to her direction, a "vassal State" keeping her territorial integrity; keeping her body, that is, but losing her liberty—her soul. Czechoslovakia used often to be called a vassal of France, but not with good reason; in any case, a vassalage to Germany would be sufficiently onerous, as was shown during the Great War by the Brest-Litowsk and Bucharest Treaties. Instead of being a Red corridor Czechoslovakia would be a German corridor.

Henlein and his party unquestionably base themselves, whatever they may say, on the ideology of Herr Hitler, which is nothing but the ideology of Pan-Germanism as it existed before the War. It was not killed, but merely stunned for a time by the defeat of Germany. Before me lies a book entitled *The New Europe*, which was printed "for private circulation" in 1918; its author was Masaryk, and he wrote practically all of it—for President Wilson, it was stated—before the termination of the War and his own election as first President of Czechoslovakia. The work begins with an exposition of "The Pan-German Plan of World-Domination: Berlin-Baghdad." He speaks of Pan-Germanism organizing itself as the philosophical and political science of the German nation, and adds that this organization was not held for a mere theory, but that societies and associations spread abroad its doctrine by the publication of treatises, maps, newspapers, reviews, and pamphlets. He said, "I wondered that the English and the French paid so little attention to Pan-Germanism; my own countrymen I warned by articles and lectures against the danger threatening us." Now, in his retirement, after all the years that have elapsed since he produced that book of his, he must be wondering why the English pay so little attention to the Pan-Germanism of Hitler.

It was Masaryk, too, who, when he lived in England some

twenty years ago, was the protagonist of the Small Nations idea which was accepted by the Allies and incorporated in their programme in 1918, to be embodied by them in the Peace Treaties of 1919. Naturally England has her share of that responsibility. It was believed for ten or twelve years that the Covenant and the League of Nations would afford the small nations that came out of the Great War peace and security, but nowadays nobody will venture to make this assertion after the League's repeated failures have proved its inadequacy, not to say impotence. The salient feature of high politics, resulting from the discrediting of the Geneva institution, is the grouping of the Great States in accordance with what they consider their own vital interests, and the assembling round them of the small nations from the same motive. Thus Czechoslovakia, though she has not lost all hope of the League, has joined herself, with France, to Soviet Russia by her pact of mutual assistance. Ostensibly this combination is not directed against Germany, but it is certainly not directed against any other Power. As things stand, Czechoslovakia is the vanguard of the opposition to the Pan-Germanism of Hitler and the old, historic *Drang nach Osten*.

While Germany was in eclipse after the War, and France, supported by Poland and the Little Entente, held unchallenged the hegemony of the Continent, little was heard, even in Germany, of Pan-Germanism and the *Drang nach Osten* which epitomized its policy. In England the once-famous phrase "Berlin-Baghdad," and all it connoted, were forgotten, other concepts based on the disuse of power politics having replaced them. The fact that in May-June, 1918, Germany had actually realized her dream of a *Mitteuropa* subject to Berlin completely dropped out of the British mind. Herr Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is informed throughout by Pan-German ideas of the expansion of the Reich, a "new Germanic migration," principally into Eastern Europe, being put in the forefront. With this object in view Hitler maintained that Germany must become the strongest military power on the Continent. In a recent speech he referred longingly to the possibilities attaching to the possession of the Ukraine and the Urals.

Although Mr. Winston Churchill asserted lately that France

was still the strongest military Power in Europe, most observers think that Germany now fills that role. Hitler's present plan for ensuring the self-sufficiency of Germany is his latest war-measure, and though it entails great hardships on the German people, it looks like being a success. Speaking generally, it must be admitted that his policy, which has torn the Versailles and Locarno Treaties to shreds, has so far been justified by results, that is, as regards the Reich. He continues to proclaim that he is a man of peace, and that his intentions are pacific, but he also lays claim to colonies. In England it is understood that this claim applies to the colonies Germany lost by the War, but on the Continent German "colonization" has a different and quite sinister sound, for it is closely connected with Pan-German expansionism, particularly in the East. It is hardly possible to attach no significance to the repeated reports of what Germany aims at in the Ukraine. At present Czechoslovakia blocks the way for that adventure, and this, as already suggested, is the reason for Hitler's drive at that State. If he succeeded in getting that corridor into his hands he would be within easy reach of the Ukraine and of the Rumanian oilfields as well; the way would be open to the Near East and the old Berlin-Baghdad scheme would be in process of realization. Would that be in the interest of England? It would not; and as it must also be said that the situation in Palestine and Iraq is not too favourable for us, it behoves us to be on our guard.

Without putting aside other supporting considerations, the case for Czechoslovakia, for preserving her real independence as against German penetration, rests, so far as England is concerned, mainly on the unquestionable fact that her disappearance from the map or her virtual Germanization could not but be distinctly prejudicial to vital British interests in the Near and Middle East. The policy of the National Government, whether under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Baldwin, has been drably coloured by knowledge of British military unpreparedness for large-scale war, and has led to a series of compromises and surrenders to Germany which otherwise would not have been tolerated. Baldwin's time-lag of two years has still to be set against any early prospect of something approaching adequate British rearmament, the evident cause of the lack of firmness in

Downing Street. In some quarters it has even been suggested that to gain time we must do nothing for Czechoslovakia—which would mean throwing her to the wolves and a consequent deterioration of the whole British position in the East, whether Near, Middle or Far ; for the eyes of Asia are ever upon us.

Towards the close of last year rumours multiplied of an impending military assault on Czechoslovakia by Germany, but in Prague some comfort was derived from observations made by Mr. Eden shortly before Parliament adjourned over the Christmas holidays, a sentence in one of his speeches being singled out as referring specially to the situation in Central Europe. He said that British interests in peace were not "geographically limited," and that we could not disinterest ourselves from this or that part of the world in the vague hope that events in that area would not affect us. That was a general statement, but beyond doubt it applies to Czechoslovakia. During the Parliamentary recess, however, there was a renewal of the violent anti-Czechoslovak propaganda campaign in the German Press. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, the organ of the Nazi Party, carried an article with the headline "Czechoslovakia under Moscow's Dictation," and the *National-Zeitung* declared that Soviet Russia had given the Czechoslovak Army the task of defending the country until Red troops arrived to make war on Germany. To those who know Czechoslovakia well all these accusations are simply preposterous stuff and nonsense, but they may impress others who are ignorant of or in some doubt about the true character of that State. In his New Year message to the nation President Benesh spoke rather optimistically of the situation. Nevertheless the German drive goes on and on, and it is right that our public should understand what it means.

JAPAN'S "HOLY WAR" ON COMMUNISM

BY GEORGE E. TAYLOR

THE stage is set for further Japanese penetration on the Asiatic mainland. The capture of Chiang Kai-shek, which opens up the question of Chinese unity and the possibilities of a national uprising against the invader, is in reality overshadowed by the German-Japanese agreement. The disinterested sacrifices made by Japan in her role as the bulwark of decency in the Far East were not meeting with a full measure of appreciation abroad, but all misunderstandings are now removed by the simple process of presenting the sub-plot as the main plot. Japanese aggression in China will no longer be known as a matter of urgent self-defence and only incidentally as a guarantee that eastern Asia shall not follow Communism, it will take the form of a holy war against the godless heresies of the U.S.S.R. China is outmanœuvred. She cannot come to terms of any kind with the Chinese Soviets, the first condition for a national uprising, without, like Aladdin, removing the lid from the pot in which Japan keeps captive the smoking demon of Communism. Any Chinese government which is not "sincere," that is, meek and submissive towards Japan, will be as "Red" as Japanese, German, and Italian propaganda can make it. The hymn of hate has encircled the world. To the Japanese hiss, echo answers with German gutturals.

The capture and arrest of Chiang Kai-shek is said to have strengthened the arguments of the Japanese military in favour of the newly concluded agreement with Germany. Considering the high mortality of Japanese statesmen, including Premiers, it would not have been very convincing to claim that a mere arrest revealed the chaos of China and proved her to be a menace to the peace of the Orient. It was better to represent it as a Communist conspiracy, the beginning of a Chinese "Popular

Front " against Japan. Suggestions have come from various quarters that Chiang arranged his own capture in order to demonstrate to the Japanese how impossible it is for him to concede their demands, or that the " Young Marshal," Chang Hsueh-liang, was in Japanese pay and that the incident was staged in order to show the instability of the central government, and hence the danger of Communism. The facts, as far as we can discover them, will bear another interpretation, an interpretation, moreover, which reveals the enormous importance of the international Fascist alliance.

The chief point in the background behind these events is that Chiang Kai-shek has been promoting a policy of military unification, for which purpose he relies upon a national army of sixteen divisions, some of which are very highly trained and well equipped. Province after province has come, by force or diplomacy, under the authority of the Nanking Government, the latest triumph being over the two southern provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. But what can be done with the large provincial military establishments? The huge army of Chang Hsueh-liang raised the problem in an acute form. Driven out of Manchuria in 1931 and North China in 1935, it was moved to the impoverished province of Shensi and charged with the task of fighting the Communists: a privilege not eagerly sought after by the common soldier, partly because he has no great quarrel with them, partly because they are formidable fighters. More serious than this, Chang Hsueh-liang, now Vice-Communist Suppressor, not only upset the balance of power in Shensi province, but also refused to settle Nanking's difficulties over the disposal of his army by throwing it away in heavy fighting.

Is it not in this situation that the key to the incident can be found? Before Chang's arrival General Yang Ho-chen, Pacification Commissioner of Shensi, enjoyed full responsibility for those parts of the province not in the hands of the Soviets. Now he had to share his authority with the Young Marshal and also get along with a newly appointed Governor, Mr. Shao Li-tzu. As Mr. Shao did not bring an army the problem was that much the easier. Shensi was obviously over-loaded with troops. The detention of Chiang Kai-shek seems to have arisen out of

the rivalries inherent in this situation. But who detained the Premier? It is difficult to imagine the ex-opium addict, Chang Hsueh-liang, having enough backbone to carry out, or brains to plan, such a scheme. Chang's chief rival, Yang Ho-chen, or even his own immediate subordinates, finding Shensi too poor and overcrowded a province to prosper their own interests, may have forced him into action. The return of the Young Marshal to Nanking and the reported continuance of the campaign started by national troops against Sianfu, the scene of the Premier's detention, would seem to support the theory that Yang is the culprit and Chang the victim.

Putting aside the question of responsibility, what of the anti-Nanking and pro-Communist propaganda of the rebels? It should deceive no one. Those who suggested that Nanking should fight Japan and form a common front with the Communists would have been horrified if they had been taken seriously. It is the fact that such sentiments embarrass the Government which is the stock-in-trade of all who hope to blackmail the central authorities. Even the Japanese are known to encourage and finance anti-Japanese movements in China. If such blackmail be effective, does there exist in China any considerable support for the programme of composing differences with the Communists in a joint attack on Japan?

Although the unwillingness of Shensi troops to fight the Communists dictated the form of the revolt, it must not be exaggerated into the conclusion that China is straining at the leash in her anxiety to attack Japan. There is undoubtedly genuine sympathy among the educated classes, in fact among the majority of those who are literate, for the oft-repeated determination of the Communists to fight Japan. Many join the "Volunteers" in Manchuria, others support the armies, which come into conflict with Japanese or Manchukuo troops, with services behind the lines. But much of this sympathy, when analysed, often amounts to no more than a fierce determination to fight to the last coolie or a vague dissatisfaction with things as they are, which would vanish if economic conditions were more advantageous to the person concerned. This does not mean that the Chinese are not angered by the invader. They are, but can there be a spontaneous and overwhelming national

uprising against him without social revolution? This is a high price for the educated classes to pay, even for national honour and self-respect.

Social revolution and high policy, like Juno's swans, were born and bred together. In the West, where the sentiment of nationalism is deeply founded in instinct and tradition, the more difficult the economic circumstances within the nation, the greater the temptation for the ruling classes to seek a solution of internal differences by external aggression. Chinese governments do not rule a people of high political consciousness or deep-seated nationalism. A common enemy, which in the fully developed nation-state unites, in China divides; the pressure of Japan, for example, has resulted in a more intense struggle against the Communists rather than a sinking of differences in joint self-defence. War, even if successful, would impose enormous hardship on the peasantry, for whom the immediate problems of livelihood would overshadow all interest in victory or defeat. Only by agrarian changes benefiting the mass of the peasantry, and in particular freeing it from the colossal load of debt and taxation under which it is now being slowly smothered, could the Government enlist the peasant's allegiance.

Detached observers point out that Japan's own internal position is not strong enough to stand the strain of a severe war, that in the long run China must win. This is perhaps true, but any government would hesitate before transforming itself into a guerrilla band, and the country it ruled into a desolate waste of starving peasants and bandit armies, which would be the inevitable result of losing the coastal provinces.

Hatred of the enemy is one thing, capacity and willingness to fight him is another. All must sympathize with the bitter and heart-breaking hatred of Japan which is sweeping over China, but this does not mean that the nation is willing to throw itself into war. The cynical appeal of Chiang's captors for national unity and struggle against Japan shows that these sentiments are strong enough only to embarrass, not to influence or overthrow the Government. For the Chinese patriot the outlook is black indeed.

For the Japanese the New Year opens with different prospects. In a country of higher literacy and much more propaganda it is

possible to canalize agrarian and other discontents into imperial ambitions. But, once embarked on such a course, it is impossible to turn back; above all, it becomes essential to exclude all ideas which might turn internal distress into disaffection against the Government. The Japanese are therefore quite sincere in their hatred of Communism, even if their methods of fighting it are open to question, but the campaign against it, outside Japan, is neither disinterested nor dictated by internal conditions. On the contrary, the international Fascist offensive against the Comintern which Japan has now joined will be marked in the East as it is in the West by attacks, not on the U.S.S.R., but on other countries and for ends other than the suppression of Communism. From the international point of view the German-Japanese alliance is as serious for China as it is for Spain. A Russo-Japanese war is no more likely, in the immediate future, than a Russo-German war. Japan can only afford to refuse the offered non-aggression pact with Russia because Russia's military predominance in the East and her non-aggressive policy are sure guarantees of peace. Japan's unconsolidated position on the Chinese mainland, the richer rewards likely to accrue from conquest of China than from costly campaigns in Siberia, to say nothing of heavy commitments in the drive towards the southern Pacific, preclude the possibility of early conflict with Russia.

Why, then, did Japan join the Fascist bloc? In the first place, her China policy had reached deadlock; she had now come to the territorial core of the Chinese state. Resistance began to harden a little: witness the refusal of China to accept Japanese demands last autumn. Furthermore, at the back of Chinese intransigence could be seen the diplomatic support of Great Britain whose interests, now that the next move must involve the Yangtse valley, were seriously involved. For years Tokyo has tried to persuade or intimidate Nanking into acceptance of a joint campaign against Chinese Communism, with no success. Many a diplomatic kite has been flown from Tokyo suggesting alliances between Nanking and Moscow or deliberate half-heartedness in the prosecution of the anti-Communist struggle, in order to test the "sincerity" of Nanking. A more subtle policy is now necessary, for no government can be expected to sign its own death warrant.

This policy is provided by the new agreement. Japan will not tolerate any solution of Chinese difficulties along the lines of an understanding between Nanking and the Communists or Moscow. Obviously, General Chiang could not march against Japan leaving 100,000 hostile troops in his rear. The prohibition of making terms with them is not so serious for Chiang—he is too inveterate an enemy of Communism—as for China, for no alternative government, favourable to compromise, can be formed in the future. Even a stabilization of the Nanking-Soviet front can now be represented as a “Red” alliance. Worse than that, who can doubt that, if necessary, Japan can arrange an incident which will enable her to label as Communist any Chinese government she wishes, however reactionary?

By a stroke of the pen Japan not only manœuvres China into a very tight corner, but ends her isolation: a psychological gain of no small value to a nation which in spite of its actions is highly sensitive to world opinion. Leaving the Anglo-American orbit, she moves away, so she argues, from those who wish to curb her naval power and throttle her expansion into the markets of the world. American immigration laws and the late Anglo-Japanese alliance can now be forgotten; the humiliating position of second fiddle to the great Powers is exchanged for full partnership in international Fascist policies. There are disadvantages to such an entanglement, it is true, but Japanese heart-burnings over the estrangement of Britain must not be exaggerated. Is it possible to imagine Britain offering resistance to a Japanese invasion of China provided that it is done in the name of Communism? Spain cannot be very encouraging to the Chinese. It becomes clearer every day that Japanese imperialism cannot be satisfied, it can only be stopped, hence the futility of trying to buy Japan off. To stop Japan would involve her in internal revolution, an alternative which Whitehall is no more disposed to welcome in Tokyo than in Berlin or Rome. No wonder that the German-Japanese pact was not popular in London. When England quarrelled with an earlier Holy Alliance for the suppression of Revolution she called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Is there any possibility of an equally reactionary though not equally statesmanlike England doing the same again? Not, it may be argued, while Conservative opinion

leans towards the view that one of the coming struggles will be between the British Empire and the U.S.S.R.

What of immediate possibilities ? For Britain there is perhaps the possibility of breaking up the Fascist alliances. There is plenty of material to create differences between the partners. But this would have to be done quickly, for one cannot escape the view that events in China must play into the hands of the Japanese. The virtual dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek cannot last for ever in its present form. For one thing the price of unification has been almost ruinous ; it includes the subordination of democratic principles to authoritarian rule, the impoverishment of the peasantry and the starvation of economic reconstruction in the name of military necessity. Can the military machine not only unite China, but also give some hope of stemming the Japanese penetration long enough to consolidate the internal position and ensure the free development and independence of the nation ? Or has unification raised political hopes which economic realities must shatter ?

The whole agrarian economy, it is generally admitted, is precarious in the extreme, largely as a result of stupendous increases in the real burdens of taxation. Furthermore, the development of Chinese-owned industry depends on agricultural recovery even more than on tariff autonomy and the elimination of smuggling. A survey of the measures which the League and Chinese experts consider essential to the achievement of economic recovery shows that any serious attempt to enforce them would involve a change of policy in Nanking which could easily be interpreted as a move towards the Left. Japan would be very unlikely to let this opportunity slip by. At the meeting of the Central Executive Committee in plenary session in February of this year there may be an attempt to reorganize the government with a view to securing saner economic policies. This may be the turning point. Again, the financial position of the treasury is precarious. It is possible that China will be forced to ask for a foreign, probably British, loan. This in itself would bring matters to a head with Japan, who could block the loan by insisting that it should be conditional on China's signing the much coveted Sino-Japanese anti-Communist alliance.

By and large, the opportunity will create the means, but if

China continues to resist over a long period then intimidation and subsidiary forms of penetration, such as are now being employed to good effect in Fukien and Kwangtung, will give place to direct action and further seizures of territory. An incident will be prepared, Chinese or Russian agents will be blamed and the Nanking Government blackmailed into compliance with Japanese demands. It would be easy to arrange such an incident in Inner Mongolia if the Chinese troops succeed in keeping out the Manchukuo levies and Japan's Kwantung army decides to intervene directly. Either Chinese agents from "Red" districts in the North-West or Outer Mongolian agents from across the border could be accused of stirring up trouble. If China continued to send troops she would be accused of supporting Communism. Similarly, to bring pressure nearer home, say, in Shanghai, a few coolies, hired to set fire to a Japanese building, could then be arrested as Communists.

A full-scale war is most unlikely. Firstly, there is no chance of a Popular Front against Japan under the present government, while a reorganization of the government, say, this February, in the direction of a more democratic regime, especially if it contemplated coming to terms with the Chinese Soviets, would immediately be represented as a regime of the Left. It would never be allowed to take the initiative. Secondly, Britain, though anxious, in certain ways, to help China more than circumstances now allow, would be the first to discourage her from fighting if she so desired. Little to interest Britain could be saved from the wreckage of a Sino-Japanese conflict. Thirdly, Japan is in a much stronger position to get what she wants without fighting than she was before, although small scale operations are always likely. But if war does come Britain is already manœuvred into neutrality because it will be fought on the issue of Communism. Unless the U.S.S.R. changes its policy China will be left to face Japan alone. There is something of a warning in the spectacle of an authoritarian government, many of whose members are great admirers of Hitler and Mussolini and many of whose policies are inspired by German and Italian examples, as the victim of Fascist aggression and Fascist alliances. Dog can eat dog if he calls it cat.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE

Miguel de Unamuno, 1864-1936

BY WALTER STARKIE

WHEN the news came of the death of Unamuno I took down from my library some of his books in an effort to recapture the spirit of one who was called "the living Spaniard of most importance to Europe." I opened one of the books at random and the first passage that caught my eye was the following, written in 1928 when he was living in exile in France: "I write these lines while my Christian Spain is in agony. She spread Christianity through the sword, she proclaimed the crusade, and now it is she who is to perish by the sword." How much more truly do those words ring today than in the days of the benevolent dictatorship of Primo de Rivera!

By a strange irony of fate death struck him down at the very moment when he was making his protest in the name of Spanish nationalism. In an interview given to the Portuguese *Diario de Noticias* some days before his death he is reported to have said: "The sight of Germans in Spain is enough to kill me. They act on Spanish soil as if it were their own." He then went on to explain why at the beginning of the war he had taken the side of the insurgents:

When the army revolted against the ghost government of Madrid I gave it my full sympathy, hoping that it would save Spain and its Christian civilization which had been seriously threatened by its eternal enemies in the East. I soon realized, however, with the greatest sorrow that this struggle, which at first had been inspired by high motives, had developed into a class war, full of horrors and without pity or generosity of any kind. On the one side we see the so-called Marxists, who do not only include Socialists, Communists and Anarchists but criminals and ex-convicts of all classes without any ideals; we see on the other not a union of anti-Marxist parties in the face of a common enemy, but a number of divided factions, most of them formed by old Royalist, Traditionalist and Carlist partisans. But above all of them and attempting to win full supremacy is the "Falange Española"—Italian Fascism badly translated into Spanish.

Only a short time before the war one day when I was walking with him down the Gran Via in Madrid, Unamuno had exclaimed as bitterly against the theories of Marx and Lenin as followed

by their Spanish devotees. "There is no tyranny in the world more hateful than that of ideas. Ideas bring ideophobia and the consequence is that people begin to persecute their neighbours in the name of ideas. I loathe and detest all labels and the only label that I could now tolerate would be that of ideoclast or idea-breaker."

Unamuno all his life acted as a modern Don Quixote riding full tilt against hypocrisy, smug consciences, dogmatism and shibboleths. His critics tried to lay him low by calling him "paradoxical," but paradoxes are necessary as weapons against routine of thought, and Unamuno's function in modern Spain has been to make men probe and sift ideas. "My painful duty," he said once, "is to irritate people. We must sow in men the seeds of doubt, of distrust, of disquiet and even of despair." For that reason I could not imagine a more dangerous ally than Unamuno, for the simple reason that he was always the incarnation of the Spanish spirit of anarchy. For him the ego was everything. In one of his works he says: "There is no other I in the world. Each one of us is absolute. If there is a God who has made and maintains the world he made it and maintains it for me. There is no other I. There are greater ones and less, better and worse, but no other I. I am something entirely new; in me is summed up a past eternity and with me a future eternity starts."

If Unamuno had lived at Athens he would not have lasted as long as Socrates: he would have been made drink the hemlock on the plea that such a man was a danger to the State. One Unamuno is a benefit to Spain, but dozens of little Unamunos pullulating in the universities and colleges bring libertarian anarchy. And yet, as Count Keyserling said in his book *Europe*, Unamuno is the most important Spaniard that has ever lived since Goya because he unswervingly proclaims out of the wholeness of primal man the very few but very deep things which he has grasped and knows: the significance of faith, of blood, of the tragic, of Don Quixote as the highest symbol of man. What the European, in this hour, needs more than all else, is to win through again to an immediate relationship to these basic problems of life. Spain is supremely important in the modern world precisely because of her indestructible traditions springing

from her past. It is because Unamuno was a traditional Spaniard that he is most illuminating when he speaks to Europe.

Unamuno's death at the present tragic moment in the Spanish war is a warning and a reminder. It is a warning to those who think that Spain—the pentagonal island—set at the junction between two continents is fated to be the prey of Russia, Germany or Italy. Few peoples have passed through so many racial changes as the Iberian Peninsula, but none of those changes has modified the eternal substance of Spain. And Unamuno's death is a reminder that the spirit of the Saguntines or Viriathus burns as brightly today as it did two thousand years ago.

II

I have some very vivid pictures of Unamuno in my mind. I remember him as I saw him in 1921 when I lived in Salamanca. He certainly was the symbol of that august university town, and when in the evening we used to sit in a café in the Plaza Mayor, his table was surrounded by friends and admirers, who had come from all parts to pay court to him. Then he would fire off paradox after paradox. He delighted in pulling the beards of solemn old professors and adopting with them the Socratic method of pretending at first to be ignorant until there was an opportunity of clinching the argument with the blow of a sledgehammer. He would discuss the plots of his novels in the intervals of making, with extraordinary agility, queer little paper birds. As professor of Greek in the university his mind was steeped in classics, but he was not an elegant devotee of the Thessalian maidens; coming from the Basque country, with its fierce steadfastness and obstinacy, he tried to reject the jewels of style, the melodious cadences, as if they had been the flowers of Klingsor's magic garden. This is characteristic when we remember that Don Miguel was a-musical; to him sweet sound was but *musica celestial*—the Spanish synonym for nonsense.

He was, however, in his conversation a subtle humorist, whose humour would have met Landor's definition when he said that "genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind which is always a grave one." Very often he recalled Samuel Butler. Like Butler he liked to treat as absurd prejudice the ideas that are commonly held. Thus he defended idleness,

holding the theory that lazy people are necessary for the world in the advance of civilization. "Poets," he would say, "are idlers, and it is to these principles of idleness that astronomy owed its origin; that is to say, when man, freed from the necessity of earning his bread, turned his eyes upwards and questioned the enigma of the skies." Unamuno and Butler remind us of the builders of the Middle Ages who adorned their cathedrals with gargoyles. Both of them liked to play the part of a gargoyle themselves, grinning amidst the solemnity of the Universe, yet not incongruous.

Unamuno was the *enfant terrible* of modern Spain, in spite of his air of puritanical austerity at times, which caused Salvador de Madariaga to compare him very aptly to an elder at an Eisteddfod. In appearance he resembled an oak tree, with an owl's head. Everything about him suggested the strength and steadfastness of the Basque with a rugged simplicity not devoid of a certain crudeness. In his dress he shunned adornment; his coat was buttoned right up to the neck. His actions were brusque and I always compared him to a hardy mountaineer from Biscay, peaceful in his home-life, fond of the country and its simple pleasures.

In the evening he would walk slowly along the banks of the river Tormes, where once Lazarillo the Knave used to scamper. At such moments Unamuno would lose his garrulity and become reflective as he pondered over the destiny of Spain. He gloried in the state of agony or struggle in the Spanish soul due to the tensions pulling this way and that: the mystery of the Arab, the steadfastness of the Germanic, the fierceness of the Iberian races. It was then that he would give vent to his intense quixotism. Then he would say that his most significant book, *The Tragic Sense of Life* (very well translated by Crawford Flitch) was a long monologue on the subject of death. "Spanish literature," he would continue, "has forever been obsessed by the idea of death. You find it in the earlier 'Autos Sacramentales': you find it all through the drama of Calderon. What is the whole mass of poetry of Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross, but an invocation to death? At times we reach Nirvana with Miguel Molinos the quietist."

After many meetings with Unamuno I came to the conclusion

that his literary works are the expression of the great struggle between his personality as a writer and his personality as a man. More than once he said : " I cannot live without discussions or contradictions, and when nobody outside discusses with me, or contradicts me, I invent someone within myself who does it." His brain was, as a critic has said, like a parliament in permanent session and he could say of himself in the words of Alfred de Vigny : " Je ne suis toujours de mon opinion." In October, 1921, I received a characteristic letter from him describing the state of affairs in Spain :

I wish I could write to you with peace and serenity of mind, but it is impossible. The affairs of this Spain of mine have reached such a critical state that we who feel acutely all the shame that has come upon our country cannot dedicate ourselves to higher things. We cannot breathe in the aether of pure, speculative contemplation because we are stifled by the dust of battle. For some time past I have not written a single line of art or philosophy. I have to write articles of battle. Who knows—perhaps those articles will in the end become more permanent than all the rest ! The Gospels were written for an occasion and the Epistles of Saint Paul were really newspaper articles. I do not know when I shall rest ; perhaps never. And that will be for the best, for to rest is to die. One must leave oneself in the hands of God—that he may carry us whither he destines us : Who knows ? " Life is a dream," said Calderon : " We are such stuff as dreams are made of " said Shakespeare : " dream of a shadow " said Pindar. And I say that we are a dream of God. God is dreaming us and woe to that day when He awakes ! It is better not to think of that, but continue to dream that God is dreaming us. Farewell.

Such a self-revelatory letter shows Unamuno in all his egotism and megalomania. Possessing the directness of the Basque he never flinches. Whatever comes into his mind he will blurt out, for it would be cowardly to hide one's thoughts. Every book, play, letter, conversation is part of the interminable monologue which he carried on all his life. Being a man of passion and an egoist he did not always think of the good of the community, or the group, but rather of the world of fantasy created by his individuality. As Salvador de Madariaga says : " The most serious business for the Spaniard is to save his soul, and to save his soul means to maintain the spontaneity and integrality of individual passion in the face of the social activity of generally accepted ideas and above all collective passions."

Unamuno was a philosopher, but the philosopher should follow the example of Marcus Aurelius and live on top of a mountain.

Whenever Unamuno tried to enter the arena of politics his message became dimmed by too much rhetoric. Week after week he wasted his individual talent in firing off political article after political article, full of sound and fury, instead of retiring to his mountain summit to create a supreme work of art for Spain.

III

Unamuno's bitter hostility to Alfonso and the monarchy culminated in his exile to the island of Fuerteventura. From that moment he became famous in Europe as the opponent of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. It was France then that gave him the helping hand. Intellectuals like Valéry Larbaud, André Gide, Paul Souday and the Comtesse de Noailles welcomed him in Paris.

When the Republic was declared in 1931 Unamuno returned in triumph to Spain and was reinstated as Rector of the University of Salamanca. Many of the younger intellectuals would have wished him to become President of the Republic, for was he not the embodiment of the celebrated Generation of 1898 which had prepared the new movement in the country? But who would expect Don Quixote to become Governor of Barataria after Sancho Panza had been driven out? Unamuno, like the rest of the 1898 group, had prepared the way in order that others might construct. It was not long before his remorseless, analysing brain set to work to disintegrate. Articles appeared daily from his pen attacking every political party. At one moment he lashed the clerical party whom he called "spiritual parasites" because they supported themselves on the faith of others; at another he attacked the progressive people saying that "Progress is apt to become a more degrading superstition than those which it attacks." Between meetings of the parliament one would see him walking bare-headed up and down the Calle de Ucañi, pouring out his ideas in an endless stream to some willing listener. But it was not long before he saddled his Rozinante and sallied out again. This time the windmills were not windmills or dikes, but the modern inquisitorial orthodox Secularism. "Once they destroy the rights of the individual the regime no longer troubles me."

"Why do you run so fiercely against the present govern-

ment?" said I to him one day in 1931, when we were sitting talking in Zuloaga, the painter's garden at Zumaya.

"I want to preach the message of Spanish individualism against all those who would diminish its universality. I know that in my native Basque land, or in Catalonia, Galicia, Andalusia or any Spanish region it will always be the public power of the Spanish nation—call it State if you will—which will protect the liberty of the Spanish citizen against the intentions and particularist spirit of the region with its little State."

Hardly had he finished his tirade when the lisping, melodious voice of the Galicia writer, Ramon del Valle Inclan, took up the argument: "Ah, yes. It is Castile which has made Spain, and it is Castile which has made the Republic. Castile is the universal Spain—the Spain that exists not only here in the Iberian peninsula, but over the sea in the New World."

Then Zuloaga butted in: "We all are patriots of our region: I am a Basque; you Don Miguel are one, too; you Don Ramon are a Galician, but there we go forth from the region where we were born and become universal. All our good artists and writers were regional in one sense but became universal."

Our discussion was held in a flowering rose-garden, where beneath trees a fountain bubbled up and flowed over beautiful tiles ornamented in ancient Moorish pattern. In the distance I heard the sound of an organ: Manuel de Falla was playing in the little chapel. The fountain babbled eternally, the organ notes died away and the friends talked on and on. In such a scene of peace I prefer to leave my friend, Don Miguel, but I know that his spirit would refuse to imagine the next life as an eternity of peace and contemplation, a fusion of past and future, a recollection of hope in an everlasting present. He would quote the example of Dante who, alone, created in all its details a society of hell, purgatory and paradise. But as I say farewell to the master's spirit I hear a faint voice chant the words: "I am Spanish by birth, education, spirit, language, profession; Spanish above all and before all; Spanish is my religion; the heaven in which I wish to be is a celestial Spain and my God is a Spanish God—the God of Our Lord Don Quixote, a God who thinks in Spanish and who said in Spanish: 'Let there be light' and the Word was the Spanish Word."

THE MARRIAGE BILL

BY SIR F. D. ACLAND, M.P.

THE Marriage Bill seems at the time of writing likely to be passed into law with its main provisions intact. These are the extension of the causes of divorce to desertion for three years of one party to the marriage "without the consent of and against the will of the other party and without reasonable cause," to cruelty equally carefully defined, and to five years incurable insanity. And it must be noted that all these causes, and those of habitual drunkenness and imprisonment on a commuted death sentence which may perhaps be added, are subject to the overriding provision that there shall be no divorce for the first five years of the marriage. This at once gives occasion to judge the supremely important question whether the promoters of the Bill are justified in stating that its purpose is "to strengthen the institution of marriage and increase respect for the law."

In a representative mixed company of old and young people who were discussing the divorce question recently, there was general agreement that the law needed change in two main directions: to discourage hasty and improvident marriages which can be quickly dissolved by actual or collusive adultery, and to facilitate the termination of unions which had for long periods ceased to be unions in any real sense. This talk took place before the introduction of the Bill, and those who took part in it had very different religious convictions or none. But their conclusion seems sensible, and as it represents exactly the main purpose which underlies the Bill, there seems reasonable ground for hope that there may be increased respect for the marriage law and more seriousness in entering into unions when the Bill is passed than there is, in certain circles, at present.

At the outset it should be realized that the promoters of the Bill have nothing in their minds which by any stretch of imagina-

tion can be called the Americanization of our marriage laws. The American attitude to divorce is too readily assumed to be represented by the easy divorce laws of a few of the States. But, making allowance for this, there is a difference of view on this matter between the two English-speaking races, as definite as it is difficult to account for. For it can be said with certainty that if a measure on the lines of the law available to, and often availed of by, the average American were proposed in the United Kingdom Parliament it would have no chance of approval, even if it were left to the private judgment of members unaffected by any influence from religious bodies. Whether this means that there is a higher general standard of morality here than in the United States is another matter. Probably in both countries some sets and classes have little regard for marriage bonds, and they seem a good deal larger in the States than here, but the great majority jog along fairly successfully over the ups and downs of matrimony without regard to methods of escape, legal or illegal.

Another point that may be noticed is that though there is opposition to the present Bill, it is of a very different type from that of previous years. It seems indeed now to be generally recognized that there should be some change. No responsible person can be found to argue that the law of 1857, which was at the time admitted to be tentative, now works well. It is twenty-four years since a strong majority of a Royal Commission recommended important changes, yet nothing has been done as to modifying the causes for divorce in all the eighty years, except putting the sexes on equal footing as regards adultery.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. W. P. Spens, who led the opposition to the Bill in the Second Reading debate in the House of Commons, said: "... in cases of desertion, habitual lunacy or anything of that sort where the parents are already living apart I am all in favour of those being made grounds of divorce." And Mr. A. C. Crossley, who was a teller against the Bill with Mr. Spens, and the only other opponent of the Bill who took part in the debate, referred to Clause 1 of the Bill, which provides that there shall be a period of at least five years after marriage in which a divorce cannot be granted, as "a great step forward." He appeared to oppose the Bill

because, not unnaturally, he could not extract from the Attorney-General an assurance that that clause would not be withdrawn on the Committee stage. When the Committee stage was reached, not only was the clause not withdrawn, but it was carried without a division—the five-year period being retained.

When the strongest opposition which the Bill received on Second Reading was expressed in this way it seems reasonable to claim that general opinion is now in favour of reform of the law. And comparing the recent debates with those of a generation ago this point emerges very clearly. Then the constant reply, when hard cases of the operation of the existing law were quoted, was that it was better that individuals should suffer rather than that there should be any modification in the grounds of divorce, for any relaxation would be bound to lead to licence. The old phrase that hard cases make bad laws was held to settle the matter. Now, on the contrary, it seems to be generally realized that it is bad law which makes the hard cases, and that the law can be altered so as to meet a great number of them without any risk to our general standard of morals.

A pronouncement which has been made by the Council of the Modern Churchmen's Union on proposals which very closely follow the lines of the Bill, expresses the change of viewpoint so emphatically that it may well be quoted. It would have been quite impossible ten years ago.

“We would express our conviction that, if the proposals here made became law, the moral condition of the country would be greatly improved. The marriage tie would be strengthened, reckless marriages would be discouraged, and many present abuses would disappear.”

There have been so far four mornings of debate in the Standing Committee which is considering the Bill, which means rather less than eight hours. And up to the present Clause 1 has been approved, and adultery, desertion, cruelty, and incurable insanity have been considered and agreed to as grounds for divorce. Incurable habitual drunkenness as an additional cause was being considered when the Committee adjourned over the Christmas recess. It may be of interest to summarize the main points on which discussion has so far centred.

The first, and in some ways the most interesting, was an

attempt by several of the members who are most critical of the Bill to alter "adultery" as a ground for divorce (which has been the law since 1853) to "persistent adultery." The amendment was brought forward from a general point of view; "there is a general feeling," it was said, "that a single act of adultery, which may take place in most exceptional circumstances, should not really be a ground for breaking up the home." In particular the object was to check the practice of collusive adultery which is agreed to be a scandal under our present system. This aspect of the matter was forcibly expressed by Mr. Spens when he stated that he would much rather see the promoters of the Bill put in frankly the ground of incompatibility than leave this loophole, which will be available the moment the five years period is over, for people to go on doing exactly what is being done today. But Mr. A. P. Herbert, speaking for the promoters of the Bill, did not rise to this lure. Would those responsible for it like to go to the mothers in their constituencies and say: "We have put an Amendment into the Bill which suggests that anybody may commit adultery four or five times before the court will take any notice of it." Indeed, said Mr. Herbert, the moment you have divorce for desertion the bogus adultery cases would go down to an infinitesimal point. Other members agreed with the bluff statement of a Labour M.P. that if adultery were not to be a ground for divorce, but only persistent adultery, the Bill might as well be thrown over altogether.

Sir Arnold Wilson made a new and interesting point. It had been argued that the worst result of collusive divorces is that children live for part of the year with each parent, but Sir Arnold showed that there were 100,000 persons living judicially separated, and not in 1,000 cases were the children living with alternate parents. On the contrary, the vast majority do not live with either parent, but are sent to homes and orphanages. He had found in a public institution known to him that three out of four of the children were the offspring of marriages in which one spouse has deserted the other, and he suggested that if in such cases the deserted parent could re-marry a home would be made for the children. And he agreed with the view that the passing of the Bill, with separation as a new cause of divorce, would be the prelude to a great decrease of cases of

adultery, particularly of the collusive kind. These arguments fortunately prevailed, and in the end the word "persistent" was not admitted.

Then the opponents tried to remove from the Bill each of the new grounds proposed as justification for divorce. Beginning with desertion, it was suggested that the Bill might become known as the "Reno Bill" for putting our divorce law on a par with the notorious law of Nevada. To this it was replied by Mrs. Tate, who supports the cause of reform with considerable knowledge and understanding of the lives of people under the present law, that since 1573 desertion has been a ground for divorce in Scotland without any stigma upon the country of the kind that attaches to the name of Reno. And Mr. Herbert proceeded to remind members that under the present law an enormous body of people are, in fact, separated for life, without being able to enter into happier and more regulated unions, and that this circumstance brings about all the dangers of illicit unions.

Cruelty is defined as such conduct by one married person to another as makes it unsafe, having regard to the risk to life, limb, or health, bodily or mental, for the latter to continue to live with the former, "or as is calculated to cause and has caused the latter prolonged and unnecessary mental distress." This offered much scope for argument, and though the challenge to it was not pressed, it was understood that the definition would have to be carefully considered at the proper time, particularly the last sixteen words which relate to mental distress.

The last day's Committee discussion almost entirely concerned the question of lunacy as a ground for divorce. The proper modern definition of lunacy which represents the views expressed by the majority of the Royal Commission seems to be incurable unsoundness of mind and having been continuously under care and treatment for five years. It is intended that in these cases initial proceedings shall be served on the King's Proctor, who will communicate with the Board of Control, and it is believed that the Board, in the light of their modern knowledge, would be able to identify the cases, limited to about one per cent. of those who recover, in which the recovery takes place after five years. In these cases proceedings could not be brought

into court. Mr. Sorensen, who gave exact figures, after twelve years work on a Mental Hospital Committee, said that less than 0.5 per cent. had recovered their reason after five years sufficiently to secure some kind of discharge.

And so we must end, without definite conclusion because the Committee stage is by no means concluded, and every line will no doubt be fought by a few members of the Committee, not with obstruction, but with a desire for information and enlightenment and attempts to make the promoters change their minds, which will be calculated to occupy a maximum of time. But the promoters are wise—Mr. De la Bère, to whom so much is owed for undertaking the Bill; Mr. A. P. Herbert, with his reasonable and conciliatory habit of argument and refusal to be provoked; Sir Arnold Wilson the omniscient, and Mrs. Tate full of understanding. They also serve who only sit and vote. And their main hope is, again to quote the words of the Modern Churchman's Union, that the reforms that they advocate will bring society nearer to the Christian standard, and that marriage will become what it should be, one of the most serious steps in life, and happiness will be available to those who have been crushed by the severity of our present system of laws.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THINGS in Europe centre upon Spain, which means that the alarming forces now at work have their immediate effect outside the European centre of gravity. But geography must be taken into account. When your neighbour's house is on fire it is your business, as Juvenal said. France has the Pyrenees between her and the conflagration, but quiet people in France who value their liberty do not like the prospect of Fascist institutions installed on this border also. Other quiet people there are equally frightened lest a centre of Bolshevik contagion should be established next door. The interest of France in this contest is much less abstract and much more legitimate than that of Germany or of Italy. Also, the government of France has a right to be what it is, the government of a free people, and individual freedom of action is open to Frenchmen as it is not to Russians, Italians, and, least of all, to Germans. Money and men can go out of France as individual ventures. Money cannot be sent out of Russia, Italy, or Germany without the government's connivance. In Germany no man at present can leave the country without a permit from the local military authority. States where individual freedom is not permitted can control such reinforcements as are sent, and make sure to which side they are going; but it would surprise me greatly to learn that all the French volunteers are in the Government camp; so far as English-speaking auxiliaries are concerned, they are to be found in both. About the middle of December the makings of a very useful battalion left Galway by a German boat to join their leader under General Franco; but the Irish Government had nothing to do with that adventure, still less, I

**Volunteers
for Spain**

need hardly say, had the British Government. I do not believe that any other organized body of this importance has set out either from France or Great Britain. But when several thousand Germans landed at Cadiz, that was a government action. So was the later arrival of several thousand Italians. Russia also must be held responsible for aid given by Russian Soviets and with Russian war material.

But dribblets will not finish the war, though they may prolong it. Unless there is intervention on a decisive scale by some outside Power, Spain itself will in the long run settle the issue. At present the Government side seems to have more command of men ; but from the first they have been thrown in without serious training. In the area controlled by General Franco, the work of the countryside is said to go on in its normal way ; this may signify that the peasants would rather stay at the plough than fight in a cause which does not appeal to them. It may mean, however, that Franco is making sure of his food supplies, or again that he is not taking more for the army than he can train efficiently. General O'Duffy, the Irish leader, published in Ireland a letter guaranteeing that those who joined his command would get better training before they went into action than was given to Irish volunteers for the British army twenty years ago. That was not saying a great deal, but it was significant. If the same training is being given to the Spanish troops raised for Franco's side, the war may develop rapidly in his favour in spring—though hardly sooner.

On the other hand, German and Italian officers with the insurgents may have reported that man-power in Spain is definitely more available to the other side—in short, that Spain is for the Government rather than for Franco. If so, the chance of crushing this new " focus of Bolshevism " will lessen every week, according as the Government troops gain experience ; and there is a temptation to intervene by the despatch of decisive reinforcements.

There is no doubt that Herr Hitler at least claims for Germany the right to ensure victory to the side to which he and the Duce have given formal recognition. If the " anti-Reds " can win

without manifestly more foreign aid than is given to their opponents, Germany and Italy secure their aims without risk. But by the second week of January, it looked as if both the Fascist States had decided that risks must be taken. Two days after the Anglo-Italian agreement was published, came the news that Italians to the strength of a brigade at least had been landed in Spain, at a time while the Italian Government was nominally considering the Anglo-French proposals to keep outside Powers out of the conflict.

It is true that some French newspapers which regard M. Blum as a mere agent of Moscow publish disturbing statements as to recognized recruiting centres for the " Reds " in the South of France ; they even affirm that planes from the French Air Force of the latest types have been surreptitiously directed to Spain. M. Pierre Cot, the Air Minister, is among those of M. Blum's colleagues who make no secret of their desire to see France intervene. Meanwhile German ships of war have retaliated for the seizure of a German cargo vessel which was carrying a large quantity of field wireless. Great Britain has also been obliged to protest against the arrest of British ships outside Spanish waters by armed trawlers belonging to an insurgent flotilla. Yet the difference of method was notable : England puts down a hand, Germany puts down a heel.

Meanwhile we are made unhappily aware that there is no accredited international jurisdiction. If Germany and Italy decide to force the victory of General Franco's side on the plea that the existence of a " Bolshevik " government in Spain would be intolerable, there is no law to stop them : for Geneva has, at least temporarily, ceased to act. We perceive how little peace was gained by the decision to let Italy have its way. European Powers had there a clear issue on which to stand as a League of Nations ; they had fifty nations in agreement. Now there is no clear issue, since none of the free nations is solidly for or against " Bolshevism " or " Fascism," and there is no certainty which side represents Spain. The onus of allowing Italy and Germany to take their way rests now solely upon England and France : naval Powers which together can

undoubtedly prevent foreign reinforcements from reaching General Franco. Yet such action would involve the risk of European war ; and it has hitherto been clear that the dictators will take risks, but the democracies will not.

There is no doubt but that France and England would stand formidably in the last ditch. But where is the last ditch ? Mr. Eden has declared that free use of the Mediterranean, in peace or war, is a vital British interest. Italy has declared that she has no intention of altering the *status quo* in that sea. But if Italy and Germany by joint action put General Franco in command of Spain, does anyone seriously believe that the *status quo* in the Mediterranean will not be altered to the detriment both of England and of France ?

Since there is a strong probability that these next months will increase the power and the pretensions of Fascist states, those nations which value freedom must stand closer together—above all, the two great free Powers, England and France. Their alliance is necessary to afford a rallying point for the smaller states, which otherwise will be drawn without resistance into the orbit of those who are feared. One may therefore consider the chances of joint effectiveness. It has to be recognized that France is committed to alliance with Russia, which cannot by any stretch of language be described as a centre of freedom. This alliance is disliked by large groups of opinion both in France and in Great Britain. Nevertheless it is easier for the democracies to work with Russia as a counterpoise to the Fascist power than with the Fascist Powers as a counterpoise to Russia. There is at present so wide a support for rearmament in Great Britain that a genuinely National Government would be easily possible if it became necessary for the safety of the State. If it is not absolutely necessary now for reasons of external policy, that is because Labour is in general agreement with the Government.

The cause of this is first and chiefly that Labour regards M. Blum as a statesman who is bringing about a social revolution to the advantage of Labour in France. It is not afraid of seeing France become Bolshevik, because it knows from its own experience that an educated democracy can keep Bolshevising

tendencies in proper check. It is afraid, and naturally afraid, of any spread of Fascism because it knows that where Fascism gets a hold, trades unionists may have to face a firing party.

Party division in Great Britain that matters concerns internal affairs—the closely related questions of the means test and the Depressed Areas. Most of those whose interest in politics is not partisan would welcome the recasting of government in such a way as to give Labour a joint responsibility for facing both these problems. The disease of unemployment which threatens to become inveterate in certain areas needs to be tackled by a body less careful of vested interests than Mr. Baldwin's administration, and less characterized by what Mr. Churchill calls "an unparalleled capacity for indecision." How far such a combination is possible, to complete national unity, depends on the leaders of Conservatism and on the leaders of Labour. But so far as external affairs are concerned, all Englishmen may be counted on to act together. It is unfortunately less certain that England can be counted on to act promptly and decisively.

In France unhappily faction rages, and it would be hard to get a dispassionate estimate of M. Blum's past, present, or his future from any Frenchman. But outside observers confirm my own impression that he has made good. "This Government is the only one since the war that has done anything," one man said. "Why do you say 'since the war'?" was the answer he got. In the industrial world employers were much too strongly entrenched, and Labour was still demanding under a Republic much that had been conceded for a generation under the great British monarchy. Good employers thought that all was well in their case because they were, of their own volition, twenty per cent. more generous than the bad. In the same way fifty years ago good landlords in Ireland were self-satisfied, till a tribunal was set up, which reduced rents by an average twenty-five per cent. all round. One member of such a tribunal, himself a large and good landlord, said to me that he and the rest were doing "justice to the tenants and injustice to the landlords." It has been like that in France, and M. Blum's measures have done much that is resented as injustice. But one person who wrote explicitly from

Civil Strife in France

the Catholic standpoint had no fault to find with M. Blum's social legislation: what he objected to was the toleration of inroads on property—the occupation of factories—in the way many in Ireland protested against concessions to organized boycotting, with which a good deal of crime was associated. Much was said, with good logic, against the Irish Government; much is said with equally good logic against M. Blum's. Yet a generation after the Irish land revolution I heard the son of the greatest leader among the Irish landlords say in a representative assembly of Irishmen that we all had to recognize now that the Irish land reforms were necessary and had been beneficent. In another generation, that is probably how M. Blum's reforms will be viewed. But at the time Mr. Gladstone's opponents abated nothing of their virulence, nor will M. Blum's. Large employers are often politicians as well as industrials, and many of them make difficulties—for example, by offering concessions after a strike, on condition that they may dismiss the strike leaders. There is this to be said for the French working men, and for the Government, that scarcely any bloodshed has resulted from the social disorder of the last six or seven months. More drastic use of force would scarcely have helped a settlement.

Yet one cannot be sure how far French labour is under control of its leaders; and it is said that work on munitions is held up most undesirably. In short, it is not clear that the *Front Populaire* realizes the necessity of strengthening its Government at so dangerous a crisis.

Solidarity with the opposition cannot be hoped for—as it can in Great Britain. The opposition still believe that the Communist party takes its orders from Moscow. One thing, however, is generally admitted. This Government has clean hands. Under the regrettable tradition of French politics a politician often incurs obligations to money interests—perhaps most often when he is out of office; for any man who has been in office is regarded as likely to be in power again. But M. Blum and all his colleagues took office for the first time. That is the cynical explanation which I have heard of their generally admitted clearness of pecuniary interests. It may in part account for the surprising fact that bankers speak well of M. Blum's administration, unorthodox though its finance appears.

There is, however, one factor which may produce something like unity in France while it draws closer the bonds between France and England. German activities have created a fear that Germany may seek to gain a foothold in Morocco—not far down on the Atlantic coast, as was the Kaiser's project, but at the Straits of Gibraltar. Both the French and the British fleets have moved in strength to that region—we are told, in pursuance of their ordinary routine. But the last ditch is clearly indicated, and shown to be manned. Whatever else may be possible, it is not possible for Germany to undertake a campaign in Morocco against the opposition of France and England. Since some step backward is indicated as necessary, it will be more easily taken as part of a combined withdrawal. In other words, if Hitler has really put his foot too far forward in Morocco, there is a chance that he may seriously co-operate to end, or limit, outside intervention in Spain. Certainly the reminder that England and France are ready for united action has made for prudence elsewhere, and may produce the desired result.

**Threat to
Morocco**

What would happen then in Spain, no one can foretell. It needs a great optimism to expect good from the victory of either side. General Franco's refusal to agree to an exchange of two thousand hostages with the Basques has a sinister aspect; and whether the White Terror or the Red Terror has the last word, there will be a bloody reckoning. Only one hopeful thing is to be noted: neither side has used gas. It may be because they have not got it; yet both sides have all the most "civilized" instruments of war, and no military operations could have shown more clearly the case to be made for gas on military grounds. It is almost impossible to dislodge determined riflemen and machine gunners from behind walls by explosives—witness the cadets of the Alcazar. Gas would have done it. Gas would enable General Franco to win Madrid without destroying the capital of his country. These are strong arguments. If on either side, or both sides, they have been overborne by a sense that the use of gas would throw world opinion against the user of it, then humanity has made a step in advance.

When the Oxford Press asked Mr. Yeats to form an Anthology of Modern English Verse they made at least an interesting choice and one for which there was a kind of precedent.

**The Yeats
Anthology**

Tennyson, though not responsible, was constantly consulted by Palgrave in compiling the

Golden Treasury: we saw the difference when, after Tennyson's death, Palgrave published another anthology. Mr. Yeats, like Tennyson, has been a fastidious craftsman, wide in his range of technique: not only a great, but a learned poet. There is, however, one distinction—Tennyson was steeped in Greek and Latin; I doubt if Mr. Yeats has read poetry in any language but English. One profit of this is that he has drawn upon the literature of translation. Not widely; there is nothing from the Russian; much, as was natural, from the Irish, and from Oriental languages. But I do not suppose that he has pushed his reading of translations beyond the literatures which make special appeal to him. Evidently he has never read Helen Waddell's renderings from medieval Latin, although she is an Associate (under his presidency) of the Irish Academy of Letters; for there is no comparison either in interest or in merit between her work and several of the renderings that he includes.

The limitation to his value as an anthologist is that he has been much less omnivorous as a reader—I would almost say, much less a reader—than most men of letters. He seems to me—speaking from an acquaintance of over fifty years, in which one of the chief interests of my life has been to observe the development of his genius—to have used books not for their own sake, but as a stimulus to his own thought. Great fields of enjoyment in which most of us revelled were uncongenial to him, and when he visits them now he chooses badly. Compare his selection from Kipling with that made in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*: "Q" picks the quintessential Kipling instinctively, Yeats gives what might be two imitations of Kipling's manner. Again, there is nothing from Moira O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* which are, I think, likely to last as long as *The Flowers of the Forest* or any other poem of that Scottish school to which this Irish poetess really belongs. Yet it would not surprise me to hear that they gave Mr. Yeats no pleasure—or that the same could be said of any one of Walter Scott's lyrics. These voices

of the hillside and of the running water find a deaf spot in his hearing, just as the mystics to whom he is so specially attuned make less appeal to me, for instance, than they should.

But he surely undervalues the natural singing voice when he leaves out Katharine Tynan, whom he cannot possibly have forgotten. William Watson is omitted, but not by choice ; there is tribute to him in the Introduction—that curious document in which this poet of my generation declares himself completely a convert to the doctrines and discipline of the new. But there is another omission against which I take my stand. Not a word is said in the introductory survey about Stephen Phillips, not a line of him is quoted. Stephen Phillips, as all his contemporaries know, let himself down, and “wrote himself down,” to use Swift’s phrase. He might destroy his living reputation, but he could not destroy the work that he had done. It is all very well for Yeats to say “Victorianism had been defeated” by 1900 ; these literary defeats, like literary victories, are passing waves, and when they have subsided, things re-emerge. The poems which Phillips wrote in the Tennysonian manner will, I hold, find readers when the latest victory and the latest defeat are forgotten ; they will survive by their noble craftsmanship and by the living impulse in them. Yet to have put into this book even the shortest of them, “Christ in Hades,” would have been a mistake ; nor could the third act of *Herod* where Phillips is completely himself, have been given even in part ; and his lyrics do not as a rule represent him. But there is one, “A Poet’s Prayer,” as to which no poet can mistake its weight and force, nor doubt that the man who wrote had known the possession it describes, as well as the terrible anticipation with which the last line is charged—“And men not measure from what height I fell.” It is worth a wilderness of dexterities by such masters of anæmic accomplishment as Arthur Symonds, to whom this selection seems over indulgent.

Yet in many cases I am grateful for the choice made ; for instance, it almost makes me believe that I should like to read the whole of Gerard Hopkins, though instinct warns me. Bridges is admirably represented ; so is Binyon, by one long poem

containing a passage that recalls by its intensity those germinal lines of "Maud" which Tennyson perhaps never equalled again. Masfield comes badly off, as was inevitable since his true distinction is to have been the one man in our days who really succeeded with narrative verse. Herbert Trench wrote one short poem ("When man was hounded from Eden"), which should be in every modern anthology; but all I find of him is a rendering from Jean Richepin's ballad about the boy who bowled his mother's heart before him. Anybody might have done it. On the other hand, one poet, who is of the younger generation but does not depart from the traditional models, suffers from over-appreciation. If the two, or at most three, choicest of Oliver Gogarty's poems had been given, readers would not be in danger of taking him merely for a very clever fellow.

As to the new school—if, of three men who really know literature, two say that they have no use for a poem in which the third finds great pleasure, the one positive verdict is more important than the other two: I accept it as my defect that I cannot get pleasure from Mr. Elliot's work: and I wish I could. All the same, one distrusts the zeal of sudden conversions, and Yeats offers exaggerated obeisance to his juniors. "I think," he writes, "England has had more good poets from 1900 to the present day than during any period of the same length since the early seventeenth century": 1800-1836 comprised Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Scott, and Byron, as everybody knows. In the effort to adjust himself to the new, this poet has lost his balance; and the proof to me is in his choice from his own work. What he has selected will, with perhaps one or two exceptions, I should say, be read in fifty years or a hundred years because they were written by the man who wrote a score of other poems which he now sets aside, as having "a too soft simplicity." Flesh and blood are perishable, but they have been made immortal, by Yeats not least. I doubt if immortality will be achieved by what his Introduction regards as the characteristically modern method—celebration of the durable bone.

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ENGLAND'S PARLIAMENT

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT : BIOGRAPHIES OF MEMBERS OF THE COMMONS HOUSE 1439-1509, by Colonel the Right Honourable Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M.P., in collaboration with Anne Holt, M.A. *H.M. Stationery Office.* £2.

THIS is the first of three volumes which are to deal with Parliament in the period 1439-1509, that is with that last lifetime of the English Middle Ages, during which seventy years the English Parliament took on its final form.

The dates are well suited for an examination of the institution and particularly of the Commons House because things had become sufficiently fixed for the study of them to be undertaken in detail.

The work consists essentially of a great number of short biographies arranged alphabetically and dealing with the members of the Lower House, to which is attached a preface by the chief editor and signed by him, which stands separate from the short biographies, and is indeed of quite a different nature. This preface or introduction is of fifty-three pages, the biographies cover nine hundred and eighty-four: whereby it will be seen that the biographies form by far the most of the matter and, one might say, constitute the book.

Colonel Wedgwood has written the introduction with sincerity and even with enthusiasm, but it suffers from a defect, less common now than it was

twenty or thirty years ago, of repeating the old Whig thesis upon parliament and English parliamentary institutions. This thesis was so unhistorical that the first serious examination of it destroyed it for good. For instance, the editor tells us that the prime object of a parliament (or rather a summoning of the Commons to a parliament) was the presentation of grievances. If this were true one would find in it the origin of what used to be called, very foolishly, "self government." But it is not true. The origin of parliaments all over Western Christendom did not spring from a desire to ventilate grievances or to get them redressed, but from the necessity medieval kingship found itself under of getting special grants for occasions of exceptional expenditure. Early medieval government, that is early medieval kingship, was based on the principle that "The King should live of his own." The king's personal revenue should supply all the public expenditure for the public good. It was the central principle of feudalism that private revenues were identical with political power, and the king, with his great number of private manors, the forest land under his control, the profits of justice and so on, was at the head of the system because he had the largest revenue; but out of that revenue he was supposed to do everything. When something extraordinary was undertaken, such as a

considerable war, the royal private revenue no longer met the exceptional expenses. Therefore the citizens had to subscribe and, by the social philosophy of the time, they could only subscribe voluntarily, they could not be compelled. They had to be consulted and to agree. Since you could not get all the free men into one place you collected representatives from the various classes who could afford to pay, and when you got the representatives together you went to work. The gathering was obviously suited for the presenting of grievances and that function necessarily arose; but it was not the original function nor the cause of the gathering. On the next page (xlvi) the old myth appears again "when parliament started in England similar institutions started also in other lands." As an historical fact, the first full parliament called in Europe was the parliament of Aragon; but the idea was running through the little states of the Pyrenees. This first parliament of Aragon was called earlier even than the Norman Conquest and two hundred years earlier than the first gathering that can be called a parliament in England. From the Pyrenees the idea spread northward, the elder Simon de Montfort was contemporary with and perhaps witnessed during his southern French campaign the parliament of Foix on the other side of the mountains.

The introduction, however, contains two very valuable truths which highly affect English history. The first is that popular risings and their accompanying atrocities were less violent and less effective in England than elsewhere; the second is that the Church during that last corrupt century before the Reformation, was less corrupt here than elsewhere. It was far less corrupt for instance than in Scotland, England's neighbour and enemy. The Church still conformed in England much more to the ideal of the Church from the earliest

times—an autonomous society only partly subject to the lay power. For instance, the practice of giving church revenues to laymen was less widespread here than in France or Scotland or perhaps any other European country at the time. These very virtues of the later Middle Ages in the Church were the causes of its disasters in the following century. Had the English Crown possessed the power of dealing with ecclesiastical revenues which the French crown possessed through the Concordat, there might have been no Dissolution of the monasteries nor destructive plunder of clerical wealth in general. The wealth would have been taken, but gradually and unobtrusively instead of in a revolutionary fashion.

As we have said, the essence of this book is the mass of small biographies giving the dates, names, places, and to some extent, occupations of the landed gentry. The Commons House was, of course, a committee of this class as it continued to be until quite recent times. There was a certain mixture of lawyers and merchants of the towns but the determining element was that of the squires, and of high interest it is, as one goes down the list, to note the recurrent names of men who were later to make the Commons House what it ultimately became—the chief governing power of the country and the supplanter of the Crown.

Take that very wealthy family the Hampdens, for instance. The name of Hampden, Oliver Cromwell's cousin, coming of a family almost as rich as the millionaire Cromwells themselves, is to-day a commonplace tag; everyone has heard and heard too much of the Hampden ship money case, and Buckinghamshire was of course his habitat, he sat for Buckinghamshire. Here two hundred years before, you will find a Hampden coming to Westminster from Buckinghamshire as did his descendant. There is a whole string of Harcourts

again, notably the Harcourts of Stanton Harcourt, members of Parliament for Oxfordshire. And men now elderly remember that courteous and dignified figure who was Father of the House some forty years ago. It was the same family, playing indeed a very different part, but playing it under the same name "Member of the House of Commons" as four hundred years before.

So true is it that England changes the thing but keeps the name. That keeping of the name is of high political value. Let it further be remembered that in no other country could such a combination as this be produced, for in no other country does there remain intact such a vast mass of record unviolated by invasion or serious civil war.

**STATISTICAL YEAR-BOOK of the
WORLD POWER CONFERENCE.
No. 1. 1933 and 1934. 20s.**

We live in the power age, our economy based upon fuel. The amount of fuel that we consume and the use we make of it are a fair measure of our prosperity. The fear that supplies will soon be exhausted—that we are living recklessly on our capital—is sufficiently widespread that schemes for compelling us to conserve them are talked about even by people who are normally content that consumption shall be left uncontrolled save by the relation between present and future prices and the cost of holding.

In such a setting the first issue of an authoritative statistical year-book on power resources, production and consumption throughout the world is an important event. The central office of the World Power Conference has shown commendable enterprise in launching it, and the choice of Mr. Frederick Brown of the London School of Economics to

edit the volume is a guarantee of clarity of presentation and of the application of a statistician's skill and conscience to the task of deciding what figures are worthy of inclusion and what should not go in. A very firm hand is needed to wield the blue pencil in this field.

The editor's task had been lightened by ten years of preparation in the various countries which have collaborated in furnishing these statistics. Units and definitions differ throughout the world and have been standardised for this purpose, and national committees have had to arrange for the pooling of figures. This first issue covers solid fuels (the coals and lignite, peat and wood), liquid fuels (petroleum, benzoles and alcohols), natural gas, water power and electricity. That is, it attempts to cover them, country by country, with warnings where the information is known to be fragmentary and omissions where it is not to be trusted, and figures are given for annual production and for resources. Even for coal, these figures of resources are inevitably almost devoid of meaning. For instance, the "proved resources" of Europe are shown as 548,400 million tons and "probable total resources" at about three times that figure, while for Asia, with proved resources of only 10,900 million tons, the "probable" total is recorded as about one thousand times larger. Such figures mean nothing unless related to the prices which would be necessary to evoke various quantities of supply.

It has not been possible to include details of minor varieties, such as wind power and direct sun power, nor the more important figures relating to manufactured gas. If in subsequent years this latter omission could be rectified, and population figures added to the tables to facilitate *per capita* comparisons, our debt to the editor and publishers for their excellent year-book will be the greater.

ARNOLD PLANT.

THE LIFE OF GAUGUIN, by Robert Burnett. *Cobden Sanderson*. 15s.

A WELL-written life of Gauguin, in which the author conveys even the beauty of Tahiti without overloading his palette, should interest many readers. I for one can say that Mr. Burnett's book is one of the most absorbing new books which I have read.

Gauguin, who was partly Peruvian, began his adult life as a sailor in the French merchant service, acting at one time as a stoker. For twelve years from the age of twenty-three he was a successful Exchange broker, and it was during this time that he married "Mette," a Danish girl. When he was thirty-five he abandoned business and painted furiously—but with no success. He, his wife and their five children went to Copenhagen. Here, however, he again failed completely. He returned to Paris; fell to the starvation level; and in desperation took work as a bill-poster. We next find him living and working in the country with the mad and almost saintly Van Gogh: but Mr. Burnett is convinced that only malice suggested that Gauguin, with his taunts and his persiflage, was responsible for Van Gogh's breakdown. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read this book without feeling that Gauguin was a truculent unlovable man, and something of a sadist. For many years he continued to dream of assembling his family around him, but a just reader will not hastily condemn poor Mette for having preferred the comparative security of her life in Denmark.

His first effort to escape from civilization caused him to assist at the digging of the Panama Canal: then, after staying in the delightful bohemian hostelry of a Mlle. Henry, in the south of France, he contrived to transport himself to the South Sea Islands, remaining for years

in Tahiti and again for years in the Marquesas. During the whole of this period he shipped his pictures to Paris, but they were still either quite unmarketable or marketable only at such poor prices that, at the age of fifty, Gauguin, using arsenic, attempted to commit suicide.

Mr. Burnett's account of his life in the South Sea Islands, where he lived with various women, is so admirable that I can only advise any reader to enjoy it for himself. Gauguin found that the natives "suffered from diseases, missionaries, modesty, covered breasts and corrugated iron"; and, more than once, he imperilled his own status on the island by championing the rights of the islanders against the French authorities. "The civilizing efforts of the Church had not been able to make of marriage more than an amusing ceremony."

"Never having finished his studies, the Latins and the Greeks had remained incomprehensible to him, and he despised them for want of having studied them": but at least we have in this book his opinion of H. G. Wells, the Marquis de Sade, Renoir, Ingres, Burne-Jones and Cézanne. We have also Cézanne's opinion of Gauguin—and who will not care to hear what it was? At length, when he was fifty-five, Gauguin died, alone in his hut.

The story is the typical story of the artist, pursued by misfortune and incomprehension, and "successful" only after his death. Mr. Burnett has told it with clarity and restraint. His book is one of those books which make us resent the interruption of meals. Moreover, it is well produced and contains several reproductions of the artist's work; but these, being necessarily without colour, cannot do justice to his talent.

CLIFFORD BAX.

THE CROWN AND THE CABINET

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

CABINET GOVERNMENT, by W. Ivor Jennings. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

It would probably be a great advantage if books on constitutional government were written, not by lawyers, but by the more modest literary persons who compose *The Complete Letter Writer* and other volumes on social etiquette. For so much of the British Constitution is far more a matter of good manners than sound law.

The fundamental fact about the British Constitution is that the House of Commons has complete control of the national revenue; and it has, consequently, complete control of the government of the nation. That is the real practice. However, in theory the Crown has been left at the head of the state and its ministers are servants of the sovereign. The Crown is therefore placed in a very false position, for its servants in theory are its masters in practice; and the ministers have to tell their master, as delicately as they can, that he must do exactly what they wish, as long as they have the support of a majority of the House of Commons.

Now such a position would be intolerable if it were not for common sense and good manners on both sides. The British Constitution will only work, in its present form, if those who administer it have the social polish considered proper for dukes and the courtesy and normal sanity usual among bus-conductors.

The balance of etiquette is so important in this case because the law on the matter is so vague. Dr. W. Ivor

Jennings tells us in his Preface that "The British Constitution is changing so rapidly that it is difficult to keep pace with it." He adds that he can only guarantee that he has stated the position (with the exception of "a few alterations in proof") as it stood at the end of 1935. Now the term "constitution" ought to suggest a considerable degree of stability; so if the British Constitution, as stated by a lawyer, in terms of strict law, cannot be guaranteed for a bare year, we must look elsewhere than to the lawyers for the key. For, as a matter of practical fact (as the last few years since the Great War have proved) the British Constitution is almost the only enduring political structure on this Earth.

Dr. Jennings has collected a great number of historical facts which are precedents for the relationship between Cabinet and the Crown, Parliament and Bureaucracy. The reader who is able to weigh all this evidence carefully may get his bearings more or less correctly. But the rather vague editorial comments of the author lack the grip of such constitutional masters as Dicey and Anson; who have so convincingly revealed the essentials of the constitution, and shown how the vaguer "conventions" can be enforced by very precise and real laws which are not conventions at all, but statutes of the realm.

We have recently passed through a constitutional crisis which will certainly be recorded as a leading case in the history of constitutional law. Those

who know political history will realize at once that behind all the manoeuvrings in the governing circles, the palpable courtesies and the veiled threats, lies the very solid fact that a majority of the House of Commons, represented by the Cabinet, can do what it pleases so long as it has sufficient confidence in its opinions to face the electors with them at the next general election. Most of the law of the British Constitution comes to that plain fact.

Dr. Jennings has scarcely the clarity of thought or the literary style to make the many details of his book form a complete whole. For example, on the first page of his preface he writes: "I have emphasized that the British Constitution has ceased to contemplate a mere division of administrative duties among homogeneous departments under responsible ministers." Doubtless a meaning for this statement can be discovered, after toil; but the result will hardly repay the research.

So many of the comments in this book are of insignificant value. Thus: "The problem of a Prime Minister in time of war is more difficult than that of an ordinary minister in time of peace." No one will dispute that statement!

The suggestion that "To give the example of Sir Robert Morant is, perhaps, rather like appealing to the practice of an archangel," will give much cynical amusement to those who know anything of the forceful career of that great dead bureaucrat.

Perhaps it is a difficult matter for the lawyer to fit his mind into the no-man's land which lies between the precise law and the fickle practices of the politicians. Dr. Jennings sometimes seems to take them too seriously. It is remarkable that his wide reading of political history—of which he gives such a useful statement in this volume—has left him just a little provincial when he finds himself in the circle of the metropolitan government.

CIRCUS PARADE, by John S. Clarke.
Batsford. 7s. 6d.

No circus performance seems complete nowadays without the lurking photographer, taking aim through the bars of the lions' den or ambushing trick-riders from the level of the "fence." He has significance in the modern show for he indicates how much our enjoyment of it consists of lovely, incredible visions glimpsed at strange angles. To help us he records some of these fleeting moments in the illustrations of a volume which has the veritable excitement of the circus about it.

With its many plates of hair-raising feats in the spotlight amid the darkness, of clowns in dressing-rooms and tents in the sunlight, *Circus Parade* reveals itself as a remarkable piece of book production the moment you pick it up. And when Mr. Clarke is observed under an elephant's foot, as well as hugging a tiger and surrounded by "white killers of the frozen North," it is clear that he is no ordinary author. Nor is he. Not even Carl Hagenbeck or Henry Thétard has a better understanding of captive wild beasts.

"Bear trainers never retire," quotes Mr. Clarke when describing Adolf Kossmeier's death at Hastings five years ago. While washing a Polar bear, the trainer slipped on wet soap flakes and in falling struck its snout with his elbow. "Here was the first pain inflicted by a gentle master, but the wild beast cannot reason. All the cunning and ferocity hived in that shallow skull . . . sprang suddenly to activity."

In explaining the death of another trainer who fell on entering a cage, Mr. Clarke comments, "Unless an animal has been trained to regard a recumbent man as 'normal,' it will lose all respect for him." Again, "On several occasions the present writer has been very close to death from lions and tigers because they were in playful mood."

His chapter on horses is likewise full of the understanding you would expect from a writer who was "a rough-rider when only ten years of age." He points out how in the liberty horses the "marvellous natural arch of the hoof and its mechanism of resilience remain unspoilt" because they go unshod.

Without a doubt the literature of the sawdust ring is enriched by this, the latest evidence of rapidly increasing interest. If I can first put emphasis enough on my praises of the lively way it imparts information, perhaps I may safely quarrel with the author over minor matters, such as his statement, "Not even Rastelli was a greater juggler than Cinquevalli." That is like saying, "Not even Ritter was a greater conductor than Sousa."

But how can one author become expert in all things that can be labelled "circus"? Not until publishers and public have been educated to a proper appreciation of how many subjects come under this head, will its authors be able to do themselves justice. At present the demand is for single works that tell the reader "all about it." Obviously this cannot be done, no matter how deftly Mr. Clarke has disguised the fact.

His way of throwing off the burden of research is amusingly shrewd. Though his space for history is naturally limited, he describes the Roman circus (chariot course) and amphitheatre, while frankly admitting, "Neither institution, by the way, had the remotest connection with the circus of to-day." From some account of medieval performers, he passes to Astley, father of the modern circus, and then declares "A world of bohemianism, nomadism and genius offers enticement to the explorer, but if he looks for records he will be disappointed." More than one "explorer," mentally and financially exhausted from

grappling with records that are as vast as they are fascinating, will envy Mr. Clarke his casual unconcern.

On the other hand, if our author had once let himself roam into the past, he would probably, like so many of us, have found it difficult to come back to the present for a period long enough to complete a book. Fortunately, it is the present that has held his interest—fortunately, because he has caught particular moments of circus time and space almost as vividly as the photographers have. One of the most remarkable occurs during his comments on acrobats. There are, he says, "sensational" circus acts which are not genuinely so, although good entertainment. There are also dangerous performances which have all the appearance of safety and simplicity:

The head of the Allison troupe of Risley acrobats runs across the ring and throws a *double forward somersault from the ground*. He has been doing this for some time, but his body is putting on weight and it is becoming increasingly difficult. "When do you intend to abandon that trick?" I asked him. "When I break my neck," he replied. The public see this feat so rapidly that they do not comprehend either its wonder or its danger. Very few have succeeded in doing it more than once, and many have met their death while attempting it.

"The Angel of Death occupies a front seat at every performance, and the artiste knows it," says Mr. Clarke. That has always been true; yet it impresses us more deeply now, though we belong to an age when human life is held cheaply enough. It is not hard to understand why; that people should risk their lives for our amusement is unthinkable. But you cannot expect "chuckers-out" to jerk their thumbs at the Angel of Death in the circus while he has a free seat at every cross-road.

WILLSON DISHER.

MITHRAIC EMBLEMS, by Roy Campbell. *Boriswood*. 7s. 6d.

TWENTY-FIVE POEMS, by Dylan Thomas. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

LOOK, STRANGER! by W. H. Auden. *Faber & Faber*. 5s.

MR. ROY CAMPBELL'S latest collection of poems comes to us with the impressive announcement that he has been working upon it for over five years. Nevertheless it contains nothing equal to "Tristan da Cunha" or "Choosing a Mast," or many another of the earlier poems. The satirical poems have a certain facility of expression and inner gaiety, but it is only necessary to set them by the side of, let us say, Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" to see how impermanent must be their appeal in the long run. There is also a group of poems which, his publishers declare, crystallise for all time the tragedy of Spain in Revolution. Of the passionate intensity of these poems there is little doubt, and they are shot through with memorable, if rather wordy, phrases, but they are too partisan to justify the high claim made for them. Mr. Campbell's latest output in fact must be mainly judged by that section which gives its title to the book. "Mithraic Emblems" consists of twenty-two sonnets seeking to substantiate the poet's claim that "Mithras became the vassal of Christ, his cowboy, in fact." But Mithraism, however it may have become elevated in the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity, was in origin a cult of sun-worship, and in celebrating Mithras as Christ's "cowboy" Mr. Campbell would seem to be inventing an unnecessary and redundant excuse. In those resounding phrases with which he has made us familiar—"the red veronicas of light," "the huge hosannahs of the plain"—he sings his colourful hymn, and at times, as in "Illumination," he achieves a certain splendour.

I halt and tremble at the height
To which you lift my dreaming gaze

Through curls of fire, upon the white
Abrupt sierras of my days;
O hyacinthal star! whose shining
Phasm to film, the flesh will glow
A rose against the dawn, designing
The skeleton, a frond of snow,
While on the rosy splendour drawn,
Like webs of frost against the dawn,
The nerves of joy and pain are spun
Fine as the thistled hair of fays
And myriad as the coloured rays
An eyelash fibres from the sun.

But the theme is too vague as a rule, and the expression too wordy, to carry much conviction.

Mr. Dylan Thomas, too, is wordy, drunk with words. Not that he cannot be "simple" enough at times, as in "This bread I break" or "The hand that signed the paper"; but usually he obtains his effect more by the hammer-blow of a fist in the face than by any clear-voiced argument. It is impossible to tell what many of his lines may mean:

And in the pincers of the boiling circle,
The sea and instrument, nicked in the
locks of time,
My great blood's iron single
In the pouring town,
I, in a wind on fire, from green Adam's
cradle.
No man more magical, clawed out the
crocodile.

The total effect is of a sort of revivalism, the same plangent rhythms, the same sounding phrases that go beyond meaning and convey, more by music than by sense, the apocalypse that has been the poet's undoubted inspiration. One day, maybe, he will descend from the mountain and translate his vision into comprehensible terms.

Meanwhile it is refreshing to turn to such a "strict and adult pen" as Mr. Auden uses. He is too concerned with the immediate pain and misery down on the plain to stay long listening to the cloud upon the mountain-top. "The poetry is in the pity," he quotes from Wilfrid Owen, and every page in this memorable book has been dictated by

the pity that purges. Since his last collection of poems, six years ago, Mr. Auden has clarified his writing, simplified his utterance (it is notable that he has written for certain experimental films, and there are here a couple of ballads), whilst we in turn have grown more used to his idiom and also to that social inspiration which he was one of the first to introduce. The result is a wider appeal and a finer poetry. His satire runs under the surface, like an informing humour; and if his scene is severely English and contemporary, the implication is seldom local.

Such poems as the Malvern ode, "Here on the cropped grass," and the birthday-letter to Christopher Isherwood, "August for the people," must rank among the finest poems of today. And if the appeal is perhaps more to the brain than to the heart, Mr. Auden himself supplies the reason why in his dedicatory question: "What can truth treasure, or heart bless, (today) but a narrow strictness?"

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE POLAND OF PILSUDSKI, by Robert Machray. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

THIS book is a monument of accuracy and industry. Mr. Machray must have spent many weary hours verifying, checking and dating, before he finally passed these pages for the printer. True, it is partly a condensed re-hash of an earlier work. But it brings that early work up to date, and it reduces the post-war history of Poland into a reasonable compass, so that I, at least, have no doubt whatsoever that this will be the standard text-book for the English-speaking world on the crucial years of Poland's renaissance.

Mr. Machray, like all historians who ever lived except Thucydides, writes from an angle, and his angle is the greatness of Marshal Pilsudski. The Marshal can do nothing wrong. And everything

right that is done in Poland, is done by the Marshal. The test case is the immortal battle of Warsaw. The French, and their attendant sycophants, ascribe the victory to Weygand, the colleague, disciple and inheritor of Foch. Mr. Machray totally denies this thesis. He gives all the glory of the great manoeuvre to Pilsudski. Which is right?

I was in Poland shortly after the battle, and I hold strong views on the subject. I am convinced that the credit goes to neither of them, but to the German-trained Posnan corps of cavalry which was thrown into the battle much later than it should have been, and which, professional, irresistibly rode down the Bolshevik amateurs. In the same way, Pilsudski's aggressive attack on Kiev is represented as an ordinary and rather clever piece of tactics, whereas it was, of course, pure idiocy. And I cannot help feeling that Mr. Machray has missed a moment of high drama in the advance of the famous "Seven" who crossed the Austrian frontier on the outbreak of the war, to rouse the Poles round Kielce. That heroic band was the "Cadre" of the Polish Legion, which, in turn, was the basis of Polish independence. Not for nothing did M. Sieroszewski, the famous old litterateur who served as a trooper in the Polish ranks at the age of 55, call his villa at Gdynia "Kadrowka," the house of the Cadre.

But these are details. Mr. Machray's main body of work is sound and accurate. But he is setting out on an uphill task. He wants to prove to the British—and I also have spent years trying to prove it—that Poland is two things: it is a Great Power; and it is the key to the European Arch. But the man in the street in Britain, and the politician in the House of Commons, do not care two straws about Poland. It is a tragic blunder. And, incidentally, Poland has a third claim to fame. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

A. G. MACDONELL.

A DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY, by Victor Heiser. *Cape*. 15s.

THIS book has the character and quality of a series of long, descriptive letters, written to a colleague by an observant, capable, yet not very imaginative, traveller, engaged in a specialist task carrying him into many parts of the world. It should not be read, therefore, as a work of art; but as a book full of interest and of information gathered at first-hand. Dr. Heiser, on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation, has visited "Polynesia, Hawaii, North Borneo, Labuan, Melbourne, Singapore, the myriad islands of the South Seas, Brunei, Sarawak, Java, Sumatra, Fiji, Ceylon, India, Palestine, Egypt and Ethiopia," as well as many countries of Europe and nearly every part of America. His job has been to inaugurate, in country after country, active preventive health movements; and the results of his work in reducing the incidence of many tropical diseases are of considerable importance.

Interesting is the account of the way in which John D. Rockefeller, one of the best hated—and with some reason best hated—of American plutocrats, was led to devote to beneficent purposes some of the millions which, by the exercise of sinister ingenuity, he had caused to drop into his capacious till from the pockets of nearly the whole of the civilized human race. In 1901, the Rev. Frederick Taylor Gates, who had previously induced Mr. Rockefeller to subscribe six hundred thousand dollars to the funds of the University of Chicago, read Osler's great text-book on medicine. "With unbounded admiration and enthusiasm he rushed to Mr. Rockefeller and said, 'I have the idea! The world isn't getting its full share of benefit from scientific discoveries. This knowledge must be distributed in a practical way to relieve the ills of the world'." The Rockefeller Institute for

Medical Research was launched; and millions of dollars were made available for its work. Preventive schemes of all sorts were set going, and, later, the Rockefeller Foundation was capitalised at a hundred million dollars. A million dollars was released to develop methods for the control of hookworm, and similar sums were devoted to investigating and dealing with disease after disease, country after country. The difficulties encountered, the amusing, and sometimes tragic, contretemps, the temporary failures and the ultimate successes, are in these pages related with a light-hearted, undaunted enthusiasm. There is nothing freakish, or even idiosyncratic, about Dr. Heiser, other than his technical knowledge, his great practical common-sense, and his power of concentrating on the job immediately in front of him. He takes things and people as he finds them, as the sculptor takes his stone, or the painter his canvas. His book is a very mine of information, in many ways the more valuable in that the things observed are not sublimated by having passed through the mind of an artist or of an idealistic philosopher. We get many illuminating pictures of varying human attitudes and reactions:

To the reader whose time is limited, much of the narrative and autobiographical material will seem trivial and unworthy of the space allotted to it; and some over-elaborate popular accounts are given of the pathology and symptoms of the various diseases against which the campaigns in which Dr. Heiser played a part were undertaken. The book, however, is a real human document, recording the external manifestations of a simple, busy human life; at the same time revealing the æsthetic and spiritual limitations of the mind of average man, however usefully and efficiently it may be employed.

HARRY ROBERTS.

CALVIN AND THE REFORMATION,
by James Mackinnon, Ph.D., D.D.,
D.Th., LL.D. *Longmans.* 16s.

HISTORY has record only of two personal theocracies, the rule of Savonarola in Florence, and Calvin in Geneva. Neither were places in which even the most Christian of modern people would care to live, but of the two, perhaps Calvin's Geneva was the more unpleasant. Possibly its excessive discomfort was partly due to the fact that Calvin's Geneva was more highly principled and less hysterical than Savonarola's Florence. Professor Mackinnon is a mine of clearly stated information on all matters connected with Calvin; but he is nowhere more interesting than in his description of Geneva under his sway.

His experiment was tried in a town which was a moral sewer of long standing. It was therefore inevitable that the new theocracy, born in the enthusiastic hey-day of reform should be strict to the point of tyranny, and meticulous to the point of humourlessness. Calvin's authority lay in the Scriptures. He regarded all parts of the Bible as being on the same level of inspiration, and was as content to hurl texts from the Psalms as from St. Paul at Servetus' head. As a result, in Geneva not only were such vices as drunkenness, or prostitution, strictly punished, but similar punishments awaited those who danced, prayed to the Virgin, bought and sold crosses, contracted marriages with Catholics, or knelt at the grave of a relation and prayed for his soul. To ridicule Calvin was to be put in prison, and this challenge was at once answered by the more spirited citizens of Geneva who promptly gave the name Calvin to their pet dogs. The taverns Calvin closed, and substituted for them puritanical and exceedingly chaste casinos. These, however, were so chaste that no one would go to them.

It is by such minor tyrannies, and the greater cruelty meted out to Servetus

and others of Calvin's opponents, that his régime in Geneva is remembered; while his career as a reformer is generally estimated by the stress that he laid upon Augustinian predestinarianism in its most rigid and severe form. But if this was all that could be told about Calvin, the outpourings of that icy but profound intellect would hardly have played so great a part in changing the life of men in many parts of Europe. Professor Mackinnon suggests that Calvin's extreme Protestantism is among the corner stones of all modern liberty.

To trace the course of political liberty among the modern nations is partly at least to write the history of Calvinism. . . . That terrible dogma of predestination was a dogma for strong men, a creed for stern fighters for God and the right against all the world, and to it we owe some of the most heroic chapters of human history.

No one would deny it, but, on the other hand, there is a great deal in Catholic

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theology, and many voices among the derided prophets of the Mediaeval Church, of which defiance to tyranny is the first implication. Calvin was by no means the first person to denounce political tyranny or princely despotism. Both John of Salisbury and Aquinas had founded rebellion in theology.

Professor Mackinnon is, of course, temperamentally disposed to make the best case that he can for Calvin, and the coolness of his moral judgment, and the resolute determination not to be led astray by the common error of supposing that a man's acts must of necessity be judged by the moral standards of his time, is the more creditable.

In this book is contained all that the ordinary student needs to know about Calvin and his share in the Reformation. It is a scholarly and thoroughly reliable work.

ROGER LLOYD.

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THE OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 7s.

A HUNDRED ENGLISH ESSAYS. Edited by Rosalind Vallance. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

MISS ROSALIND VALLANCE, in her introduction to her anthology of English essays, defines an essay as a piece of writing in which "what counts supremely is not the thing written about, but the personality of the writer and his power to convey to his reader a sense of contact with that personality. . . . For the reader to be merely conscious of the personality of the essayist is not enough; to-day the true essayist goes further—he makes a friend, or at least a relation, of the reader in his first few sentences." Some of us may think that this tendency has now gone far enough. The whimsical, intimate essayist is never quite sincere. The reader to whom he addresses himself may, for all he knows, be an absconding financier, trying to while away the anxious hour before his train starts; or he may be a professional rival in the art of prattling gracefully about nothing; or he may be an American student writing a thesis on the evolution of the essay. To suppose that one can establish a genuine relation with this composite creature is absurd. Even Lamb, the most skilful of all intimate essayists, is often artificial in his approach to his readers. Sincerity is the first condition of good writing, and there is more literature in a page of Johnson or Hazlitt than in all the whimsies of the progeny of Elia. Hazlitt, it is true, is personal and intimate, but he seems to be thinking aloud, and never gives the impression that he is framing his sentences to tickle the ear of an eaves-dropper.

Miss Vallance has, however, made a very interesting and readable selection. But she does not give anything from Hilaire Belloc, the most poetic and original of modern essayists. This may

be because Mr. Belloc does not caress his readers. Nor does Aldous Huxley, who is also unrepresented in Miss Vallance's anthology.

The great attraction of Aldous Huxley's essays is their sincerity. There is no attitudinizing in his writing. He gives the impression of a man who has no other interest but to discover the truth of things. Unfortunately it is a bleak quest on which to accompany Mr. Huxley, for he seems divided between the feeling that truth is not discoverable and that when discovered it will be unpleasant. He has travelled widely, not in the competent masterful spirit of Thomas Huxley and Charles Darwin, who discovered reasons in the remotest recesses of the globe for believing the Victorian Englishman to be the finest growth of time, but in a dejected mood, finding himself everywhere under lowering friendless skies. "The weather," he says in "A Tunisian Oasis," "is always horrible when I travel."

The best essays in *The Olive Tree* are those in which Mr. Huxley analyses some form of stupidity or self-deception. In "Words and Behaviour" he shows how human nature makes war palatable by verbal falsifications.

In "Modern Fetishism" he analyses the bizarre statement of the Director of the British Museum that the Government was ministering to "the intellectual needs" of the nation by offering to pay half the cost of the Codex Sinaiticus.

Mr. Huxley's sole enthusiasm appears to be for D. H. Lawrence. In some pages which he devotes to a Victorian charlatan, called Laurence Oliphant, Mr. Huxley is sardonic about Oliphant's desire to get rid of the intellect, and let loose the powers of nature in men and women. One of these days he may see a resemblance between Oliphant's philosophy of sex and Lawrence's.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

JAMES I, KING OF SCOTS, by E. W. M. Balfour-Melville. *Methuen*. 15s.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND, the reputed author of *The Kingis Quair*, has been comparatively neglected by historians and almost entirely shunned by biographers. Mrs. Agnes Mure Mackenzie has, however, recently published a colourful sketch of this astute ruler in *The Rise of the Stewarts*, and now Mr. Balfour-Melville presents the work of seventeen years of patient research. The early part of the fifteenth century was a period almost of anarchy in Scotland. Robert III was old and weary and incapable of controlling the Albanies, who dominated the kingdom and aspired to the crown. Afraid lest an attempt should be made to remove his son, the future James I, Robert sent him to France, but the ship was captured by the English and at the age of eleven James became the prisoner of Henry IV. Robert died of the shock of this catastrophe, and the Duke of Albany assumed the government of Scotland. It was not to Albany's interest to press for the release of the new king, and James remained a prisoner for eighteen years.

The time was not altogether wasted. James received a more liberal education than Scotland could have provided and had the opportunity to study the workings of parliamentary institutions in England. When he returned to his kingdom in March, 1424—released for a ransom of £40,000, most of which was never paid—he found a country demoralized by timid rule. The two Albanies had not dared to risk unpopularity by imposing reasonable taxation for the support of the State, the nobles were quarrelsome, and the people unruly. A kingdom which had been misguided by a succession of feeble kings and incompetent governors was bound to resent James's stern discipline, but though several of his most ambitious schemes failed dismally, he succeeded in

giving to Scotland a greater measure of domestic peace than at any other period of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. His ruthlessness towards the arrogant nobility, a ruthlessness too often inspired by mere spite, was revenged by Atholl and his grandson, Sir Robert Graham, in 1437. Unlike Mrs. Mackenzie, who unquestioningly accepts the romantic tale that Katherine Douglas barred the door of the king's chamber until her arm broke, Mr. Balfour-Melville is satisfied that James was alone when the assassins made their attack.

The book is based to some extent on new material, and the author is able to throw fresh light on a number of perplexing problems, especially those relating to James's imprisonment in England. He has benefited from Dr. Cameron's researches at the Vatican into the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, but is perhaps inclined to over-emphasize James's attitude to the papacy and give him too much credit for his foreign policy. The prohibition of the export of gold and silver in order to cripple the Holy See as well as conserve the wealth of the kingdom was employed far more effectively by other kings, notably by Philip IV of France a century earlier in his contest with Pope Boniface VIII, and James lacked subtlety in his negotiations with some of the secular princes.

G. A. CAMPBELL.

PIE IN THE SKY, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Cape*. 8s. 6d.

FAMINE, by Liam O'Flaherty. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

THE EAST WIND OF LOVE, by Compton Mackenzie. *Rich & Cowan*. 8s. 6d.

HERE are good examples of three generations of novelists at work. It is interesting to compare their technique and their respective attitudes to their own disillusionments. Mr. Calder-Marshall, the youngest, shows that the post-war neurosis in social matters is giving place to a more determined state of mind. *Pie in the Sky* shows vigour without violence, humour without hysteria, and is not afraid of sentiment, that quality so abhorred by writers of the Twenties.

Mr. O'Flaherty, a generation ahead of Mr. Calder-Marshall, gives us grim realism, while Mr. Compton Mackenzie, a generation still further back, finds contemporary events (though he is still writing of the pre-war days) a strange, external drama, perhaps because the only immediate contacts we have with life are those we have in youth. His new work, therefore, is interpenetrated by an *arrière pensée*, an autumnal thoughtfulness that hangs a slight mist over incident, scene and character, but at the same time gives the book a homogeneity and uniform tone most agreeable to the reader who appreciates structure and chiaroscuro in a novel.

Every writer with any quality in his work sooner or later reveals his method in a phrase. Towards the end of his book, Mr. Calder-Marshall makes one of his people, a journalist, say to his mistress (a charming woman, really a living creature), "You know a wire cable is made of a lot of strands of wire twisted together. A novelist like Dickens picks out one strand and says, 'Here is this man's life.' What I want to do is to cut the cable and show all the threads interrelated." That is what Mr. Calder-Marshall does, and with great skill,

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Although in the present book there is not, or my taste at least, sufficient correlation between the several strands of life-story. He has in effect plaited about five novels together, and I am not sure what advantage there is in this process. He will answer, in the words of his journalist, "I'm not so interested in the pattern of single lives, but the pattern that many different lives and things make together." The answer is that mere juxtaposition does not necessarily make a pattern of any significance. And again, I am not sure that I want the art presented to me to attempt the bewilderment, the confusion and wastefulness of life. And in making that objection I do not plead for escapism.

One might say that Mr. Calder-Marshall's story is just about life to-day, with the moral that it is worth while because it *is* life, eternally new and various, and more valuable than the farmecide "pie-in-the-sky" promised us by religion. It is a bracing attitude, and it affects his prose style like a charge of electricity. His rhythm is that of a machine-gun, especially in the earlier chapters. His mental alertness, his close contact with the nervous vitality of the street, his unstrained consciousness of the pains and joys, the tastes and disgusts of the average person today, remind me of the work of Graham Greene. I believe these two young writers to be most fully representative of their generation.

Mr. O'Flaherty is also a sensitive artist, but he has always been pursued by furies. *Famine* shows that pursuit objectified, with all personal fear and grievance removed. The result is an impressive story of the hungry 'forties amongst the Irish peasantry. Sheer physical hunger is the main theme. It becomes such a dominant note that all the rest are silenced, cruel and shrill though some of them are. Man's inhumanity to man is the cause of that hunger, but it gets out of hand and becomes larger than the human cruelty

which evokes it; becomes a raging demon that almost obliterates the very semblance of human emotion from the story. Almost, but not quite, for through the tale runs the narration of a relationship between a young married couple, so full, so well-developed from the physical to the friendly, that the marriage survives the horrors, and the book ends on a note of hope.

Mr Mackenzie's *East Wind of Love* is the first of a tetralogy. We see most of the characters forming for that spacious activity to be carried through the four books. Here, they are mostly young people, between school and university, with personalities heightened by extra-mural education in the matters of love and sex. The *East Wind of Love* is that which sweeps through the soul of a cultured Jewess, a gracious and lovely woman, as a result of her contact with her elder son's school friend, a Scottish boy of charm and sensibility. She gives herself to him for one night, rather as a symbol of her faith in his future than as a self-indulgence. The result is not disastrous, because she has character and good taste, and so has the youngster, whom we shall doubtless meet in the three other quarters of the amatory compass.

RICHARD CHURCH.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

F. A. Voigt, who is well known as a broadcaster on foreign affairs, was the author of the article published in October last explaining the motives of the British policy of non-intervention in Spain.

Robert Bernays, who was elected to Parliament as an independent Liberal and is now a supporter of the Government, has gone to Uganda on a Commission with Lord De La Warr to study the educational training of the natives.

The author of such widely read books as *Juan in America* and *Magnus Merriman* should need little introduction. It may be noted that the novel of Compton Mackenzie, of which **Mr. Linklater** read over the proof-sheets with the author on this rough winter visit which he describes, has just appeared, and is reviewed in this issue.

George Eric Rowe Gedye has not written for the FORTNIGHTLY since the murder of Dollfuss in 1934, when he gave a moving picture of the dark outlook of Austria after that tragic event. He is one of the best informed commentators on Central European affairs; living in Vienna and visiting adjacent countries from that centre. He was formerly the *Times* correspondent there, and now acts in a similar capacity for the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Times*.

The story from the French of **Jean Giono** is that of an author little known in England but highly rated by those familiar with modern French fiction.

Another story of his was published here last March.

Stanley Casson is an archæologist with an unusual faculty for making that interesting science intelligible to the ordinary reader. He has done a good deal of excavation work in the Near East.

Robert Machray, one of the oldest living contributors to the FORTNIGHTLY, was in his early life Canon of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, but has long devoted himself to the study of foreign affairs. His book, *The Poland of Pilsudski*, which appeared quite recently, is reviewed this month by A. G. Macdonell, who regards it as the standard text-book in English on the subject.

Dr. Walter Starkie and **George E. Taylor**—who was a Professor of History in Nanking until last spring—wrote in these pages comparatively recently, and **Ernest Barker** is Professor of Political Science at Cambridge and the author of many works on philosophy and history.

Sir Francis Dyke Acland, who is a member of the Parliamentary Committee which is considering the Marriage Bill, has sat in Parliament with intervals since 1906. An Opposition Liberal, he held in former years when his party was in power many offices of state, including that of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Financial Secretary to the Treasury.